

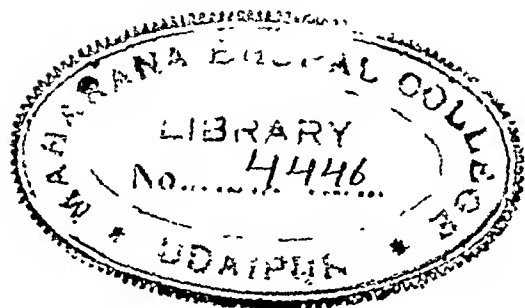
The Canterbury Poets.

EDITED BY WILLIAM SHARP.

THE PAINTER-POETS.

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THE PAINTER-POETS.
SELECTED AND EDITED,
WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND
NOTES, BY KINETON PARKES.



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TO
JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

PREFACE.

THE selections contained in the following pages are due to various causes. Had it been possible I should have liked each selection to have borne actually upon the subject of painting, but this was out of the question, for painters, when they ventured into verse, appear to have fought shy of their own goddess, and devoted their attentions to others. It will be observed that there are included the names of some who were not painters by profession, but if I had used the wider term Artist, which is generally understood to mean only painters, I should have escaped an apparent anomaly. I preferred, however, to relinquish the word artist, for in doing so I was able to use it in my Introduction in a far wider and more comprehensive sense than if I had called the little volume "The Artist-Poets." Such a title would have been redundant, as poets are artists equally with painters. This is not a belief that is likely to startle any one, and it is only because the word as used in the pages which

follow this is meant to include painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, and poets that I call any special attention to it.

An anomaly then the title of this book is, for I have included specimens of the verses of architects, engravers, etchers, and sculptors. All the rest are painters, and have exhibited their pictures in exhibitions and printed their poems. Some will be known very much better than others, but I have tried to make the anthology comprehensive. I fear there may be names omitted that ought to have been included, and some there are included which many people may think should have been omitted. For my part, I believe that not one of those included could have conveniently been left out. It may be thought too that the selections are unequal, and that an undue number of pages have been given to a man not so well known as another, to whom but few have been apportioned. I would have the minds of all at once divested of the idea that I have by quantity tried to make up the lack of quality in these less known names. Some very good verse will be found in the selections from the less known authors I have included.

In the introductory essay on "Poetry and Painting" I have not ventured to enter on a criticism of any of the pieces included in the anthology, but

have confined myself to the more abstract view of the subject.

I have here to offer my best thanks to those kind authors and their publishers who have been good enough to allow me to make selections from their works.

KINETON PARKES.

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POETRY AND PAINTING.

ART is the visible production of the thoughts of its creator, and its various forms are the means by which it appeals to minds of different qualities. There are few men equally affected by all its expressions—of the colour in a picture as of the vastness of a great architectural work; of the subtlety of a sonata as of the stateliness of an epic; of the form of the statue as of the symmetry of the vase. There are few artists, moreover, who produce great work in more than one department, for closely related as all the forms of art fundamentally are, the medium in which a work is produced differs widely in each case. In addition to his intellectual equipment, it is necessary for an artist, if his work is to be great, to be proficient in the manipulation of the medium through which he finds expression for his thoughts. To become proficient in more than one is likely to result in a lessening of the power in each. It

sometimes happens, however, that an artist finds it impossible to give all his thoughts expression in one direction only, and, perforce, they find an outlet in another. It is not necessary for an individual to be able to appreciate all the forms and expressions of art before he is able to appreciate one only of its expressions. A love of one form of art induces sympathy with all its forms and a desire to feel the influence of each.

The Art of the Poet and the Art of the Painter are closely connected, and in many cases the inspiration of each is drawn from a like source. The same groundwork is given, and upon it two kinds of structure are built—Poems and Pictures. The mechanism of each must be perfect, and the knowledge of the medium of each must be perfect, if a perfect work of art is to be the result. It is produced firstly from the mind, for the mind; the variation is in the medium. A picture or a poem to be great must contain the expression of its creator's thought, and in proportion as it does this is it an abiding monument of that thought. The greatest work of art is that which contains the most expression combined with perfect manipulation and selection of medium. Mere imitation is worthless; it contains no expression and declares nothing great. A great work of art must have meaning, and that meaning must be

expressed beautifully, chastely, and harmoniously ; clearly and without ambiguity. There is that within the mind of a great artist which will out ; there is a power which will manifest itself in one way or another ; there is a flood which will well forth or burst forth and find for itself a channel in which to run or in which to rush. There are many channels along which this tide of genius may flow : Poetry and Painting, Architecture, Sculpture, and Music are some of them. Each one of these possesses some special characteristic of expression, and it is for the artist to discover in which of these forms of expression he can best cast his thought. Painting, architecture, and sculpture are most nearly related to each other, and there are instances where a man has been a master of all three forms, and in each of them has produced abiding works of art. There have been quite a number of painters who have sought the aid of the poetic muse to relieve them of the burden of their thoughts. In some cases it has happened that the verses of the painter have not been good poetry, but, for the most part, they have been sincere and worthy.

An artist may employ words or pigments to express his thought and produce a work of art, but for this work to be great it is necessary that he should be both a poet and a painter,

maker is born. Instinct may prompt a child to draw rude figures with chalk or charcoal on the first plain surface he encounters, and instinct may prompt an inspired uneducated savage to sing rhythmical lines on the impulse of the moment. To produce a great picture, and a great poem, however, the elementary principles of the arts must first be learnt. The painter must know how to use his brush and with what colours to supply his palette ; how to produce his distances and how to draw his figures naturally. The poet must be acquainted with the mechanism of verse and the value of the many forms ; the meanings of the words composing the language in which he is to write, and their various uses. To produce works of art, all these things must be known, and to the native impulse to paint or to write must be added the expertness, facility, and ease of the painter or poet accomplished in the accessories of his trade.

The art of poetry and the art of painting correspond in many important respects, proving themselves to be not merely sisters but twin-sisters of the arts. We have historical pictures and historical poems, pictures which depict a fair landscape, and poems which describe in words of colour as fair a scene. Allegories in painting and allegories in poetry are common ; portraits painted in pigments we have, and we have also elegies and odes which

are really portrait-memorials, cherished because of their subject, but afterwards cherished by posterity because of their beauty as works of art. We have the lighter descriptions of art too, the kinds we use for ornamentation and for easing life, decoration applied to making our surroundings sweet and cheerful, and *vers de société* which serves to lighten care. And again, there is the great subject picture, mythological mayhap, but still full of humanity, and this is matched in poetry by the epic; and, once more, we have the painting of a great incident, of which the canvas gives a vivid representation, which is all life, motion, and feeling, and this too is done in poetry, in the drama, in which life is condensed into great episodes and situation crowds on situation, and all is stir and rapid action!

In all these things the two arts correspond; and in that each appeals to the mind, one through the eye, the other through the intellect, do they correspond also. Each, too, has its limits, and painting can accomplish many things out of reach of the poem, and the poem can express much which the picture cannot attempt.

A picture represents one point of time, and should therefore present repose. In this one of the restrictions of painting is found, and in this it differs from poetry; for poetry may record any number of

impressions, as it is progressive and passes from one incident to the next with rapidity, and can represent an indefinite period of time. Another limitation of painting lies in the fact that the impression is instantaneous ; the picture represents, in one sense, all that it is intended to convey. The incident depicted is there on the canvas, the whole story is told, while in a poem the story develops and the scene changes. Instead of an instantaneous impression, there is a series of continuous impressions, and the story progresses from its commencement to its culmination, all the time acquiring new interest and moving from scene to scene. A painting consists, of course, of one picture, but in a poem there are many, each following on the other in order to complete the accessories of the whole story. A painting is, however, more vivid than a poem ; it is more concentrated, and the whole interest is crowded into a space which can be seen by the eye at a glance, and which requires no progress or development for its proper understanding. In verse the interest is suspended, the story has to be followed from stage to stage, and the vivid and powerful impression of the painting is entirely lost. 'A picture is, much more than a sonnet, "A moment's monument;" for although a sonnet is almost the shortest of recognised forms of verse, it is still unable to produce with its

medium in which he works, he is far more independent of the outward symbols of nature than the painter, and is able to clothe his thoughts in the abstract, and without the aid of the realities he sees around him.

As there is a difference in the arts themselves as well as a resemblance, so is there a difference in the mechanical parts thereof. The painter uses colours in which to embody his ideas; the poet's pigments are words. The painter may possess an exquisite sense of colour, and the poet correspondingly of the choice of words. Each may be chiefly interested with form—the form of the picture and the form of the verse. The painter may strive to render his picture full of harmony, and be concerned that it shall exhibit the touch of his individuality, and the poet may desire to impart to his lines all the grace of rhythm and the music of rhyme which shall make its form dwell with men as well as its matter. Both, by the choice of their subjects, will so arrange that they will be able to produce the best that is within them. The brush and the canvas, the pen and the paper thus meet each other and thus part. The painter will treat his epic or his tragedy on canvas in oils, or his ballad story will be related in fresco or tempera; his religious moments he will record in stained glass, while his light and

joyous ones he will sketch in black and white or water-colour. One thing, however, is necessary : that the painter should take care that he tries not to express in a picture what only a poem can do, and the poet that he endeavours not to make words serve the same purpose as pigments.

A picture or a poem, to be perfect, must be balanced in drawing, in colour, as in rhyme and in rhythm ; in form and in structure, and in light and shade it must be complete, and, to include all, it must be natural, for, if natural, it will be all these things. The highest painting is the product of a poetical mind in perfect touch with nature, and the same may be said of a poem. There is no essential difference in the essence of a poem or a picture. The product of the artist's mind remains to tell of the working of that mind. This has been recognised in all its fulness in some phases of the arts of painting and poetry where the two have been as closely knit as their natures admitted.

Poetry has no dimensions, and the forms of its creations are not defined and distinct as are those of a picture. It has no space, it is illimitable, and supplies stores of food for the imagination while it is itself the highest work of the imagination. Pictures satisfy the imagination, for the conception is placed before the eye in its outline and in its

embodiment, and it is there to be assimilated. Poems cannot be treated in this way. Pictures paint no words, have no voices, while poetry consists of the most beautiful combinations of words expressing noble thoughts and lofty conceptions. The picture may reproduce one of these conceptions in the form of an illustration, and poems have given subjects for many a great picture. Sometimes poems have been suggested by pictures, but more often, when so closely connected, the poem is an interpreter—a translator of the painter's meaning. A picture, however, presents to the eye the conception of the painter with a vigour, a directness, and a vividness which is not possessed by poetry, but which places the two side by side—servants of art, manifestations of genius, methods of expression of the beauty and sublimity with which the great men who have produced great pictures and poems were endowed.

THE PAINTER-POETS.

The Painter=Poets.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.



SONNET.

ART.

O ART, high gift of Heaven! how oft defamed
When seeming praised! To most a craft that fits,
By dead, perspective Rule, the scattered bits
Of gathered Knowledge; even so misnamed
By some who would invoke thee; but not so
By him,—the noble Tuscan*—who gave birth
To forms unseen of Man, unknown to Earth,
Now living habitants; he felt the glow
Of thy revealing touch, that brought to view
The invisible Idea; and he knew,
E'en by his inward sense, its form was true:
'Twas life to life responding,—highest truth!
So, through Elisha's faith, the Hebrew youth
Beheld the thin blue air of fiery chariots grow.

* Michael Angelo.

SONNET.

ON REMBRANDT; OCCASIONED BY HIS PICTURE OF
JACOB'S DREAM.

As in that twilight, superstitious age
When all beyond the narrow grasp of mind
Seemed fraught with meanings of supernal kind,
When e'en the learned philosophic sage,
Wont with the stars through boundless space to
range,
Listened with reverence to the changeling's tale;—
E'en so, thou strangest of all beings strange!
E'en so thy visionary scenes I hail;
That, like the rambling of an idiot's speech
No image giving of a thing on earth,
Nor thought significant in reason's reach,
Yet in their random shadowings give birth
To thoughts and things from other worlds that
come,
And fill the soul, and strike the reason dumb.

ON MICHAEL ANGELO.

'TIS not to honour thee by verse of mine
I bear a record of thy wondrous power;
Thou stand'st alone and needest not to shine
With borrowed lustre : for the light is thine
Which no man giveth ; and, though comets lower
Portentious round thy sphere, thou still art bright ;
Though many a satellite about thee fall,
Leaving their stations merged in trackless night,
Yet take not they from that supernal light
Which lives within thee, sole, and free of all.

RUBENS.

THUS o'er his art indignant Rubens reared
His mighty head, nor critic armies scared.
His lawless style from vain pretension free,
Impetuous rolling like a troubled sea,
High o'er the rocks of Reason's ridgy verge
Impending hangs; but ere the foaming surge
Breaks o'er the bound, the under-ebb of taste
Back from the shore impels the watery waste.

A. L. BALDRY.



THE PAINTER'S TASK.

WHAT is the Painter's aim? To satisfy
The cravings of coarse minds that have no love
For Art, nor wit to lift themselves above
The baser mire in which they grov'ling lie?
On his the task to stoutly hold on high
A rallying flag for thoughtful men who move
Weary and pained 'mid the sad signs that prove
How gross the ills 'gainst which they testify?

What need for him of titles, honours, fame,
The newsmen's notice or the people's praise?
What need to strive for profit, or to raise
The vulgar adulation of his name?
For him enough if Art's true sons acclaim
His work, and hail the practice of his days.

WYKE BAYLISS.



STUDIES FOR PICTURES.

ST. LAURENCE, NUREMBERG.

BEAUTIFUL Shrine! that in the olden days
 Didst rise to guard the consecrated bread
 From violent hands, or the unhallow'd gaze
 Of eyes profane; but now untenanted,
 With doors flung wide, a grave from whence the dead
 Hath passed—though still upon thy marble cross
 With piercid side, and thorn-crowned, drooping
 head,
 Christ suffers to redeem our souls from loss!
 He is risen! hath rent thy bars; thou canst not hold
 The Lord, the Lord of Hosts—at whose command
 All things created were; before whose face
 The gates of Heaven or Hell alike unfold—
 Who, dwelling in the illimitable space,
 Holds all things in the hollow of his hand.

TO ADAM KRAFT.

O ADAM KRAFT—with thy disciples twain—
It needs strong shoulders and stout hearts to bear
This burden, self-imposed! Even Atlas fain
Would rest sometimes, and get a friend to share
His labour, else perchance, in sheer despair,
He had fallen, and let the World go all to wrack:
But neither he nor Hercules would care
To poise a Church for ever on his back.
See now! The incense climbs its snowy height;
Can stone dissolve and vanish in a minute?
How like a ghost the thing slips out of sight!
Ah, no! 'tis but a dream, the mischief's in it;
The west door opens—puff! a little draught—
Vanish the smoke, and lo! poor Adam Kraft.

LA SAINTE CHAPELLE.

LIKE to a Virgin Queen in robes of state,
August in presence, delicately fair
As the fair girl that by her side doth wait
Uncrown'd save by her golden-tress'd hair;
Regal in splendour, yet withal as chaste
As among flowers the lily: as though some power
The treasures of the whole world there had placed
To build again Medea's blissful bower,
With new enchantments. Soft the sunlight falls
On the inlay'd floor; the groined roof hangs dim
In its own splendour; on the emblazoned walls
Glow shapes celestial, wing'd cherubim,
With hieroglyphs of heaven, occult, unknown—
And, in the midst, One, on a sapphire throne.

CHARTRES CATHEDRAL.

A FOREST of tall pillars, autumn stained,
Purple and russet grey, through which there glows
A crimson splendour when the day hath waned
And the great orb goes down in calm repose;
High through the vaulted darkness the great Rose
Drifts like a setting sun beyond a zone
Of silvery light where a pale window shows
The story of Christ's Passion writ in stone.
O glory of Art! not thou alone dost wear
These sacred symbols of the Love Divine;
We are his temples also, and do bear
His image on our hearts, as on a shrine
Where the light burns for ever clear and bright,
Though the world drift into eternal night.

ST. MARK'S, VENICE.

From Christ who sits upon the great white throne,
To Christ in the little shrine where pilgrims kneel,
It is Christ first, Christ last, and Christ alone:
The dragon writhes beneath His bruised heel;
The Mother holds the Child in mute appeal
For worship—veiled with incense, lost in light,
Drowned in sweet music—till the mystic Seal
Is broken, and there is silence in God's sight.
This is none other than the House of God,
This is the gate of Heaven! The Apostles stand
With Mary and Mark, Christ in their midst, to greet
Those who will enter. Come—with naked feet—
Fearless—while yet the golden measuring rod,
And not the sword, is in the angel's hand.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WHEN the first arrow from Apollo's bow
Doth pierce the narrow casement of the east,
And from the ghostly shade bright visions grow
Transfix'd upon thy walls—king, saint, or priest;
Or when the heights have all been scaled, and Day
Shakes over thee its golden fleece of light;
Or when, arrayed in robes of solemn grey,
Thou dost await the footsteps of the Night
And Dian's coming, bending down her face
To thee, Endymion like:—If the dead rise,
Why lie they now so still, each in his place,
And wake not, nor arise, nor lift their eyes
To see thee in thy beauty? They await
The coming of the Lord, who tarrieth late.

TREVES CATHEDRAL.

STRONG with the savage splendour of rude walls,
And yet, with memories of a thousand years,
Tender as the first flush of dawn that falls

Silver and crimson on the massive piers:
Argent and gules upon a field of gray—

That is the vision—sounds are in my ears
As of a river's tide—Beautiful Treves!

'Tis the Morelle that thus doth lingering stay
To kiss thy feet, and cool its restless wave

Beneath the shadow of thy towers to day.

O treacherous stream! to flatter and pass by,

Not whisper how the ancient gods were hurl'd

From the strong altars of the Pagan world,

And now forgotten in thy bottom lie.

WILLIAM BLAKE.FROM "VISIONS OF THE DAUGHTERS OF
ALBION."

I CRY Arise, O Theotormon ; for the village dog
Larks at the breaking day ; the nightingale has done
lamenting ;
The lark does rustle in the green corn ; and the eagle
returns
From nightly prey and lifts his golden beak to the
pure east ;
Shaking the dust from his immortal pinions, to awake
The sun that sleeps too long. Arise my Theotormon,
I am pure
Because the night is gone that closed me in its deadly
black.
They told me that the night and day were all that I
could see ;
They told me that I had five senses to enclose me up,
And they enclosed my infinite beam into a narrow
circle

And sank my heart into the abyss, a red round globe
hotburning
Till all from life I was obliterated and crased.

Instead of morn arises a bright shadow like an eye
In the eastern cloud ; instead of night a sickly charnel-
house.

But Theotormon hears me not : to him the night and
morn
Are both alike ; a night of sighs, a morning of fresh
tears.

And none but Bromion can hear my lamentations.

With what sense is it that the chicken shuns the
ravenous hawk ?

With what sense does the tame pigeon measure out the
expanse ?

With what sense does the bee form cells ? have not
the mouse and frog

Eyes and ears and sense of touch ? yet are their habita-
tions

And their pursuits as different as their forms and as their
joy.

Ask the wild ass why he refuses burdens, and the meek
camel

Why he loves man : is it because of eye, ear, mouth,
or skin,

Or breathing nostrils ? no : for these the wolf and tiger
have.

Ask the blind worm the secrets of the grave and why
her spires
Love to curl around the bones of death: and ask the
ravenous snake
Where she gets poison; and the winged eagle why he
loves the sun;
And then tell me the thoughts of man, that have been
hid of old.

Silent I hover all the night, and all day could be
silent,
If Theotormon once would turn his loved eyes upon me;
How can I be defiled when I reflect thy image pure?
Sweetest the fruit that the worm feeds on, and the soul
prey'd on by woe;
The new washed lamb tinged with the village smoke,
and the bright swan
By the red earth of our immortal river; I bathe my
wings
And I am white and pure to hover round Theotormon's
breast.

Then Theotormon broke his silence, and he answered;
Tell me what is the night or day to one overflowed
with woe?
Tell me what is a thought? and of what substance is
it made?
Tell me what is joy? and in what garden do joys
grow?

And in what rivers swim the sorrows? and upon what
mountains
Wave shadows of discontent? and in what houses dwell
the wretched,
Drunken with woe forgotten, and shut up from cold
despair?

Tell me where dwell the thoughts forgotten till thou
call them forth?
Tell me where dwell the joys of old? and where the
ancient loves?
And when will they renew again and the night of
oblivion be past?
That I might traverse times and spaces far remote and
bring
Comfort into a present sorrow and a night of pain!
Where goest thou, O Thought? to what remote land
is thy flight?
If thou returnest to the present moment of affliction
Wilt thou bring comforts on thy wings and dews and
honey and balm,
Or poison from the desert wilds, from the eyes of the
envier?

RAPHAEL AND RUBENS.

NATURE and art in this together suit,
What is most grand is always most minute.
Rubens thinks tables, chairs, and stools are grand ;
But Raphael thinks a head, a foot, a hand.
Raphael, sublime, majestic, graceful, wise,
His executive power must I despise !
Rubens, low, vulgar, stupid, ignorant,
His power of execution I must grant,—
Learn the laborious stumble of a fool,
And from an idiot's actions form my rule !
Go send your children to the slobbering school.

FOR A PICTURE OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.

DEDICATION.

THE Caverns of the Grave I've seen,
And these I give to England's Queen;
But now the caves of Hell I view,—
Whom shall I dare to show them to?
What mighty soul in beauty's form
Shall dauntless view the infernal storm?
Egremont's Countess can control
The flames of hell that round me roll.
If she refuse, I still go on,
Till the heavens and earth are gone;
Still admired by noble minds,
Followed by Envy on the winds.
Re-engraved time after time,
Ever in their youthful prime,
My designs unchanged remain;
Time may rage but rage in vain;
For above Time's troubled fountains,
On the great Atlantic mountains,
In my golden house on high,
There they shine eternally.

DEDICATION OF THE DESIGNS TO BLAIR'S
"GRAVE."

TO QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

THE door of Death is made of gold,
That mortal eyes cannot behold :
But when the mortal eyes are closed,
And cold and pale the limbs reposed,
The soul awakes, and, wondering, sees
In her mild hand the golden keys.
The grave is heaven's golden gate,
And rich and poor around it wait :
O Shepherdess of England's fold,
Behold this gate of pearl and gold !

To dedicate to England's Queen
The visions that my soul has seen,
And by her kind permission bring
What I have borne on solemn wing
From the vast regions of the grave,
Before her throne my wings I wave,
Bowing before my sovereign's feet,
The Grave produced these blossoms sweet,
In mild repose from earthly strife ;
The blossoms of eternal life.

EPIGRAMS.

"O DEAR Mother Outline, of wisdom most sage,
What's the first part of painting?" She said :

"Patronage."

"And what is the second to please and engage?"
She frowned like a fury, and said : "Patronage."

"And what is the third?" She put off old age,
And smiled like a siren, and said :

"Patronage."



Some look to see the sweet outlines
And beauteous forms that Love does wear;
Some look to find out patches, paint,
Bracelets and stays and powdered hair.

ORATOR PRIG.

I ASKED of my dear friend Orator Prig,

"What's the first part of oratory?" He said :

"A great wig."

"And what is the second?" Then dancing a jig,

And bowing profoundly, he said : "A great wig."

"And what is the third?" Then he snored like a pig,

And puffing his cheeks out, replied : "A great wig."

So, if to a painter the question you push—

"What's the first part of painting?" he'll say "A paint-brush."

"And what is the second?" With most modest blush
He'll smile like a cherub, and say : "A paint-brush "

"And what is the third?" He'll bow like a rush,

With a leer in his eye, and reply : "A paint-brush."

Perhaps this is all a painter can want,

But look yonder,—that house is the house of
Rembrandt.

FORD MADOX BROWN.



ANGELA DAMNIFERA.

COULD I have known, that day I saw you first,
How much my fate lay coiled within your eyes !
How Nemesis spoke in your soft replies !
Could I have known—and so have shunned the worst ?
Could I have known how for my bitter thirst
Your coming brought but saltiest tears and sighs,
How going life seemed fled with you likewise.
Could I have known—oh angel love-accurs'd !

And now how name you, slayer of my peace ?
Life-giving basilisk ? source of gladdest woe ?
Emblem of Fortune wrecked upon one throw ?
O'er blessed and damned flame-hallowed Beatrice ?
And cause of martyrdom without surcease ?
Alas ! Alas ! by me entreated so !

Finchley, 1858.

FOR THE PICTURE, "THE LAST OF
ENGLAND."

SONNET.

"THE last of England ! O'er the sea, my dear,
Our homes to seek amid Australian fields,
Us, not our million-acred island yields
The space to dwell in. Thrust out ! Forced to hear
Low ribaldry from sots, and share rough cheer
With rudely-nurtured men. The hope youth builds
Of fair renown, bartered for that which shields
Only the back, and half-formed lands that rear

The dust-storm blistering up the grasses wild.
There learning skills not, nor the poet's dream,
Nor aught so loved as children shall we see."
She grips his listless hand and clasps her child,
Through rainbow tears she sees a sunnier gleam,
She cannot see a void, where he will be.

February 1865.

FOR THE PICTURE CALLED "WORK."

WORK ! which beads the brow, and tans the flesh
Of lusty manhood, casting out its devils !

By whose weird art transmuting poor men's evils,
Their bed seems down, their one dish ever fresh.

Ah me ! For lack of it what ills in leash

Hold us. 'Tis want the pale mechanic levels

To workhouse depths, while Master Spendthrift
revels.

For want of work, the fiends him soon inmesh !

Ah ! beauteous tripping dame with bell-like skirts

Intent on thy small scarlet-coated hound,

Are ragged wayside babes not lovesome too ?

Untrained, their state reflects on thy deserts,

Or they grow noisome beggars to abound,

Or dreaded midnight robbers breaking through.

February 1865.

THE LOVE OF BEAUTY.

JOHN BOCCACCIO, love's own squire, deep sworn
In service to all beauty, joy, and rest,—
When first the love-earned royal Mary press'd
To her smooth cheek his pale brows, passion-worn,—
'Tis said he, by her grace nigh frenzied, torn
By longings unattainable, address'd
To his chief friend most strange misgivings, lest
Some madness in his brain had thence been born.
The artist-mind alone can feel his meaning:—
Such as have watched the battle-rank'd array
Of sunset, or the face of girlhood seen in
Line-blending twilight, with sick hope. Oh! they
May feed desire on some fond bosom leaning:
But where shall such their thirst of Nature stay?

O. M. B.

(DIED NOVEMBER 1874.)

As one who strives from some fast steamer's side
To note amid the backward-spinning foam
And keep in view some separate wreath therefrom,
That cheats him even the while he views it glide
(Merging in other foam-tracks stretching wide),
So strive we to keep clear that day our home
First saw you riven—a memory thence to roam,
A shattered blossom on the eternal tide !

O broken promises that showed so fair !
O morning sun of wit set in despair !
O brows made smooth as with the Muse's chrism !
O Oliver ! ourselves Death's cataclysm
Must soon o'ertake—but not in vain—not where
Some vestige of your thought outspans the abysm !

April 1883.

OLIVER MADOX-BROWN.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

AH ! long ago since I or thou
Glanced past these moorlands brow to brow,
Our mixed hair streaming down the wind—
So fleet ! so sweet !
I loved thy footsteps more than thou
Loved my whole soul or body through—
So sweet ! so fleet ! ere Fate outgrew the days
wherein Life Sinned !

And ah ! the deep steep days of shame,
Whose dread hopes shrivelled ere they came,
Or vanished down Love's nameless void—
So dread ! so dead !
Dread hope stripped dead from each soul's shame,
Soulless alike for praise or blame—
Too dead to dread the eternities whose heaven its
shame destroyed.

GIPSY SONG.

" I LOVE very well
The first blossoming
(I love well I ween)
That blooms in the spring ;
Its purple and green
Seem meet for some queen
To bind in her hair's loosening.

" I should love well to match me !
(The light of high heaven
Burns in my eyes !)
And I love well," she cries,
" The young men to watch me,—
But ah ! who can catch me ?
For I run with feet fleetier than wind through the skies."

SONG.

LADY, we are growing tired !
Lo ! our faltering breath
Once with new-born love inspired,
Holds the love we once desired, as weary unto death.

Lady, Love is very fleet,
All too fleet for sorrow :
But if we part in time, my sweet,
We'll overtake Love's flying feet,—
If we part to-day, my love, we'll find new love to-morrow.

STANZAS.

Oh, delirious sweetness which lingers
Over the fond lips of love !
Hair-tendrils clinging to the fingers
Tangled in blossom above !
Intense eyes which burn with a light made
No man knows whereof !
Sweet lips grown more subtle than nightshade,
More soft than plumes of a dove !

But love, like a fleet dream eluding
The desire of a wakening sleeper,
Love, grown too fondly excluding,
Consumes the heart deeper and deeper
In a passionate waste of desire !
Like the flame of a desert which rages
Our love shall extend through the ages
Though our souls blow asunder like fire.

Oh, reluctantly lingering breath !
Oh, longing with sorrow requited !
Oh, blossom the storm-winds have blighted
Deep down in the shadow of death !

W. GERSHOM COLLINGWOOD.



THE ALOE BLOSSOM.

I.

THERE'S a tree that the fruit-trees scorn,
And plants that are scarce its peers;
For its very leaf is a thorn,
And the tardy flower of it born
But once in a hundred years.

And the flower?—No flower I know,
How magic so e'er its name,
To southward or east, can show
Such a glory of golden flame !

II.

There's a heart left alone in its gloom
By lovers of every degree ;

And it hides in a breast like a tomb,
For the love of that heart could bloom
But once for eternity.

And that love?—No passion whose powers
Are prompt to a transient flare
Can vie with its fiery flowers,
Or the smouldering fragrance there!

THE PAINTER'S PATRON-SAINT.

Good spirit, now may thy celestial seat
Be with the quiring seraphs, for this art
Of rapt co-partnership of hand and heart
To fix a fleeting smile before it fleet!
Such gain I find it, and a gift so sweet,
That I could think, for my own special smart,
Thy craft create, all other aims apart,
Even to the intent my joy should be complete.

For, thanks to this, while painting her I gaze
Whole hours upon my cynosure, her face,
While she must sit enthroned in full daylight;
And on my heart each lineament I trace
That shall return, no vague and shadowy sight,
In dear, clear dreams and reveries of the night.

LOVERS IN HIDING.

No eye so sly, so clever to spy,
So cunning to peer o'er dale and down,
Can rout us out, and tell it about,
With cackle and shout, and never a doubt,
Till we're the talk of all the town!

Across the moss fresh bracken I'll toss
To make you a seat so sweet and soft;
Declare if there were ever a chair
So proper to bear a true-loving pair,
As this that bears us oft and oft.

No ear can hear our chatter, my dear;
The squirrels are wise and tell no tales;
The breeze agrees to leave us at ease;
It says to the trees, "Two lovers are these,
So guard them here till daylight fails!"

One day you'll say, when you are away,
Afar from meadow and moor and stream,
"What lovers were ours, what delicate hours,
What generous dowers of passionate powers!
It must have been an empty dream!"

But no! For oh, how little we know
When life's mere water turns to wine!
We pass the glass from lover to lass,
Nor think what it was, until it's "Alas!
Our nectar's gone, our draughts divine!"

For joy would cloy, without an alloy
Of longing deferred or memory's pain;
But here, my dear, our vision is clear;
This minute we near the uppermost sphere,
When love's unmingled cup we drain!

THE BROTHER OF THE BIRDS.

It's not alone that flowers are fair,
That woods are fresh and green,
That music haunts the breathing air,
And sunlight gilds the scene:
It's not for such delights alone
I love to call these haunts my own.

For in the town can I withstand
Despair's environment?
Shame or deceit on either hand—
Pride, greed, or discontent:
I see their seal on every brow,
And hear a warning—"Such art thou!"

My faults, my fears—a mocking host,
I cannot pass them by;
Like him who met his very ghost,
And knew that he must die—
My soul in each sad soul I trace,
And read my fate in every face.

But here,—ah! joy transcending words,
To lose both self and sin,
Acknowledged brother of the birds,
To all the flowers akin;
And from His opened sanctuary
God smiles upon them—and on me!

JAMES COLLINSON.



THE CHILD JESUS.

A RECORD TYPICAL OF THE FIVE SORROWFUL
MYSTERIES.

"O all ye that pass by the way, attend and see if there be
any sorrow like to my sorrow."—Lamentations i. 12.

I.—THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

JOSEPH, a carpenter of Nazareth,
And his wife Mary had an only child,
Jesus: One holy from his mother's womb.
Both parents loved him: Mary's heart alone
Beat with his blood, and, by her love and his,
She knew that God was with her, and she strove
Meekly to do the work appointed her;
To cherish him with undivided care
Who deigned to call her mother, and who loved

From her the name of son. And Mary gave
Her heart to him, and feared not; yet she seemed
To hold as sacred that he said or did;
And, unlike other women, never spake
His words of innocence again; but all
Were humbly treasured in her memory
With the first secret of his birth. So strong
Grew her affection, as the child increased
In wisdom and in stature with his years,
That many mothers wondered, saying: "These
Our little ones claim in our hearts a place
The next to God; but Mary's tenderness
Grows almost into reverence for her child.
Is he not of herself? In the temple when
Kneeling to pray, on him she bends her eyes,
As though God only heard her prayers through him.
Is he to be a prophet? Nay, we know
That out of Galilee no prophet comes!"

But all their children made the boy their friend.

Three cottages that overlooked the sea
Stood side by side eastward of Nazareth.
Behind them rose a sheltering range of cliffs,
Purple and yellow, verdure spotted, red,
Layer upon layer built up against the sky;
In front a row of sloping meadows lay,
Parted by narrow streams that rose above,
Leaped from the rocks, and cut the sands below
Into deep channels widening to the sea.

Within the hamlet of those three abodes
Dwelt Joseph, his wife Mary, and their child.
A honeysuckle and a more scarce grew,
With many blossoms, on their cottage front;
And o'er the gable warmed by the South
A sunny grape vine in shaded shady leaves,
Which gave its ten fold shelter, as they hung
Trembling upon the bloom of purple fruit.
And like the wreathed shadows and deep glows
Which the sun spreads from some old criel
Upon the marble Altar and the gold
Of God's own Tabernacle, where he dwells
For ever, so the blossoms and the vine
On Jesus' home, climbing above the roof,
Traced intricate their windings all about
The yellow thatch, and part concealed the nests
Whence noisy clove-hooved sparrows peeped unseen.
And Joseph had a little dove-cote placed
Between the gable window and the eaves,
Where two white turtle-doves (a gift of love
From Mary's kinsman Zachary to her child)
Cooed pleasantly; and broke upon the ear
The ever-dying sound of falling waves.

And so it came to pass, one Summer morn,
The mother dove first brought her fledgling out
To see the sun. It was her only one,
And she had breasted it through three long weeks
With patient instinct, till it broke the shell;
And she had nursed it with all tender care,

Another three, and watched the white down grow
Into full feather, till it left her nest.
And now it stood outside its narrow home,
With tremulous wings let loose, and blinking eyes;
While, hovering near, the old dove often tried
By many lures to tempt it to the ground,
That they might feed from Jesus' hand, who stood
Watching them from below. The timid bird
At last took heart, and, stretching out its wings,
Brushed the light vine leaves as it fluttered down.
Just then a hawk rose from a tree, and thrice
Wheeled in the air, and poised his aim to drop
On the young dove, whose quivering plumage swelled
About the sunken talons as it died.
Then the hawk fixed his round eye on the child,
Shook from his beak the stained down, screamed,
and flapped
His broad arched wings, and, darting to the cleft
I' the rocks, there sullenly devoured his prey.
And Jesus heard the mother's anguished cry,
Weak, like the distant sob of some lost child,
Who in his terror runs from path to path,
Doubtful alike of all; so did the dove,
As though death-stricken, beat about the air;
Till, settling on the vine, she drooped her head
Deep in her ruffled feathers. She sat there,
Brooding upon her loss, and did not move
All through that day.

And the child Jesus wept,
And, sitting by her, covered up his face:

Until a cloud, alone between the earth
And sun, passed with its shadow over him.
Then Jesus for a moment looked above;
And a few drops of rain fell on his brow,
Sad, as with broken hints of a lost dream,
Or dim foreboding of some future ill.

Now, from a garden near, a fair-haired girl
Came, carrying a handful of choice flowers,
Which in her lap she sorted orderly,
As little children do at Easter-time
To have all seemly when their Lord shall rise.
Then Jesus' covered face she gently raised,
Placed in his hand the flowers, and kissed his cheek,
And tried with soothing words to comfort him;
He from his eyes spoke thanks.

But still the tears,
Fast trickling down his face, drop upon drop,
Fell to the ground. That sad look left him not
Till night brought sleep, and sleep closed o'er his woe.

II.—THE SCOURGING.

Again there came a day when Mary sat
Within the latticed doorway's fretted shade,
Working in bright and many-coloured threads
A girdle for her child, who at her feet
Lay with his gentle face upon her lap.
Both little hands were crossed and tightly clasped
Around her knee. On them the gleams of light

Which broke through overhanging blossoms warm,
And cool transparent leaves, seemed like the gems
Which deck Our Lady's shrine when incense-smoke
Ascends before her, like them, dimly seen
Behind the stream of white and slanting rays
Which came from heaven, as a veil of light,
Across the darkened porch, and glanced upon
The threshold stone; and here a moth, just born
To new existence, stopped upon her flight,
To bask her blue-eyed scarlet wings spread out
Broad to the sun on Jesus' naked foot,
Advancing its warm glow to where the grass,
Trimmed neatly, grew around the cottage door.
And the child, looking in his mother's face,
Would join in converse upon holy things
With her, or, lost in thought, would seem to watch
The orange-bellied wild bees when they stilled
Their hum, to press with honey-searching trunk
The juicy grape; or drag their waxed legs
Half buried in some leafy cool recess
Found in a rose, or else swing heavily
Upon the bending woodbine's fragrant mouth,
And rob the flower of sweets to feed the rock,
Where, in a hazel-covered crag aloft,
Parting two streams that fell in mist below,
The wild bees ranged their waxy-vaulted cells.

As the time passed, an ass's yearling colt,
Feeling a heavy load, came down the lane
That went from Nazareth by Joseph's house,

Sloping down to the sands. And two young men,
The owners of the colt, with many blows
From lash and goad wearied its patient sides ;
Urging it past its strength, so they might win
Unto the beach before a ship should sail.
Passing the door, the ass turned round its head
And looked on Jesus : and he knew the look ;
And, knowing it, knew too the strange dark cross
Lying upon its shoulders and its back.
It was a foal of that same ass which bare
The infant and the mother when they fled
To Egypt from the edge of Herod's sword.
And Jesus watched them till they reached the sands,
Then, by his mother sitting down once more,
Once more there came that shadow of deep grief
Upon his brow when Mary looked at him :
And she remembered it in days that came.

III.—THE CROWNING WITH THORNS.

And the time passed.

And, one bright summer eve,
The child sat by himself upon the beach,
While Joseph's barge freighted with heavy wood,
Bound homewards, slowly labored thro' the calm.
And as he watched the long waves swell and break,
Run glistening to his feet, and sink again,
Three children, and then two, with each an arm
Around the other, throwing up their songs,
Such happy songs as only children know,

Up to his shed, Jesus ran by his side,
Yearning for strength to help the aged man,
Who tired himself all day with work for him.
But Joseph said, "My child, it is God's will
That I should work for thee until thou art
Of age to help thyself.—Bide thou His time
Which cometh—when thou wilt be strong enough,
And on thy shoulders bear a tree like this."
So while he spake he took the last one up,
Settling it with heaved back, fetching his breath.
Then Jesus lifted deep prophetic eyes
Full in the old man's face, but nothing said,
Running still on to open first the door.

V.—THE CRUCIFIXION.

Joseph had one ewe-sheep; and she brought forth,
Early one season, and before her time,
A weakly lamb. It chanced to be upon
Jesus' birthday, when he was eight years old.
So Mary said, "We'll name it after him,"—
(Because she ever thought to please her child),—
"And we will sign it with a small red cross
Upon the back, a mark to know it by."
And Jesus loved the lamb; and, as it grew
Spotless and pure and loving like himself,
White as the mother's milk it fed upon,
He gave not up his care, till it became
Of strength enough to browse; and then, because
Joseph had no land of his own, being poor,

Grew thoughtful, and she said: "I had, last night,
A wandering dream. This brings it to my mind;
And I will tell it thee as we walk home.

"I dreamed a weary way I had to go
Alone, across an unknown land: such wastes
We sometimes see in visions of the night,
Barren and dimly lighted. There was not
A tree in sight, save one seared leafless trunk,
Like a rude cross; and, scattered here and there,
A shivelled thistle grew: the grass was dead,
And the starved soil glared through its scanty tufts
In bare and chalky patches, cracked and hot,
Chafing my tired feet, that caught upon
Its parched surface; for a thirsty sun
Had sucked all moisture from the ground it burned,
And, red and glowing, stared upon me like
A furnace eye when all the flame is spent,
I felt it was a dream; and so I tried
To close my eyes, and shut it out from sight.
Then, sitting down, I hid my face; but this
Only increased the dread; and so I gazed
With open eyes into my dream again.
The mists had thickened, and had grown quite black
Over the sun; and darkness closed around me.
(Thy father said it thundered towards the morn.)
But soon, far off, I saw a dull green light
Break through the clouds, which fell across the earth,
Like death upon a bad man's upturned face.
Sudden it burst with fifty forked darts

In one white flash, so dazzling bright it seemed
To hide the landscape in one blaze of light.
When the loud crash that came down with it had
Rolled its long echoes into stillness, through
The calm dark silence came a plaintive sound;
And looking towards the tree, I saw that it
Was scorched with the lightning; and there stood
Close to its foot a solitary sheep
Bleating upon the edge of a deep pit,
Unseen till now, choked up with briars and thorns;
And into this a little snow-white lamb,
Like to thine own, had fallen. It was dead
And cold, and must have lain there very long;
While, all the time, the mother had stood by,
Helpless, and moaning with a piteous bleat.
The lamb had struggled much to free itself,
For many cruel thorns had torn its head
And bleeding feet; and one had pierced its side,
From which flowed blood and water. Strange the
things
We see in dreams, and hard to understand;—
For, stooping down to raise its lifeless head,
I thought it changed into the quiet face
Of my own child. Then I awoke, and saw
The dim moon shining through the watery clouds
On thee awake within thy little bed."

Then Jesus, looking up, said quietly:
"We read that God will speak to those He loves
Sometimes in visions. He might speak to thee

Of things to come His mercy partly veils
From thee, my mother; or perhaps, the thought
Floated across thy mind of what we read
Aloud before we went to rest last night;—
I mean that passage in Isaias' book,
Which tells about the patient suffering lamb,
And which it seems that no one understands.”
Then Mary bent her face to the Child's brow,
And kissed him twice, and parting back his hair,
Kissed him again. And Jesus felt her tears
Drop warm upon his cheek, and he looked sad
When silently he put his hand again
Within his mother's. As they came, they went,
Hand in hand homeward.

And the Child abode
With Mary and with Joseph, till the time
When all the things which should be fulfilled in him
Which God had spoken by His prophet's mouth
Long since; and God was with him, and God's
grace.

WALTER CRANE.



TO WILLIAM MORRIS.

DEDICATORY SONNET TO "THE SIRENS THREE."

THE Mage of Naishápúr in English tongue
Beside the northern sea I, wandering, read,
With chaunt of breaking waves each verse was said,
Till, storm-possessed, my heart in answer sung;
And to the winds my ship of thoughts I flung,
And drifted wide upon the ocean dread
Of Space and Time, ere thought and life were bred,
Till Hope did cast the anchor and I clung.

The book of Omar saw I limned in gold,
And decked with vine and rose and pictured pause,
Enwrought by hands of one well skilled and bold
In art and poesy and Freedom's cause—
Hope of humanity and equal laws—
To him and to this hope be mine enscrolled.

THE SOUL'S PRISM.

SONNET TO A PICTURE BY G. F. WATTS, R.A.

STAR-STEADFAST eyes that pierce the smouldering haze
Of life and thought, whose fires prismatic fuse
The palpitating mists with *magic* hues
That stain the glass of being, as we gaze ;
And mark in transit every mood and phase,
Which, sensitive, doth take, or doth refuse
The lights and shadows time and love confuse
When, lost in dreams, we thread their tangled maze.

Winged, too, art thou with plumes on brows and
 breast,
To bear thee brooding o'er the depths unknown
Of human strife and wonder and desire ;
And silence wakened by thy horn alone.
Behind thy veil behold a heart on fire,
Wrapped in the secret of its own unrest.

SONNET.

FOR A PICTURE—THE EARTH AND SPRING.

CHILD Spring, escaped from harsh Dame Winter's
Upon a grassy mead stole forth to play,
Glad in the sun's fresh smile that early day,
Fresh daffodils upspringing as he trod ;
Full softly, when, upon the tender sod,
Amid the wakening flowers Earth sleeping lay ;
Though Spring to her had many a word to say,
Between the kisses of day's glorious god :

Then on his pipe Spring made sweet noise that ,
The singing fowl by every wood and hill,
And soaring treble from the answering sky ;
Until the sweet unrest Earth's slumber broke,
Though, fearing it a dream, yet bode she still
A little space—till Spring to her did cry.

FOR THE PICTURE—THE BRIDGE OF LIFE.

WHAT is Life? A Bridge that ever
Bears a throng across a river ;
There the Taker ; here the Giver.

What is Life? In its beginning
From the Staff is Clotho spinning
Golden threads and worth the winning

Life beginning and Life ending,
Life his substance ever spending,
Time to Life his little lending.

Life with Life, fate-woven ever,
Life the web, and Love the weaver
Atropos at last doth sever.

What is Life to Grief complaining?
Fortune, Fame, and Love disdaining
Hope, perchance, alone remaining.

RONDEAU—ACROSS THE FIELDS.

ACROSS the fields like swallows fly
Sweet thoughts and sad of days gone by;
From Life's broad highway turned away,
Like children, Thought and Memory play
Nor heed Time's scythe though grass be high.

Beneath the blue and shoreless sky
Time is but told when seedlings dry
By Love's light breath are blown, like spray
Across the fields.

Now comes the scent of fallen hay
And flowers bestrew the foot-worn clay
And summer breathes a passing sigh
As westward rolls the day's gold eye
And Time with Labour ends his day
Across the fields.

RONDEAU—A SEAT FOR THREE.

WRITTEN ON A SETTLE.

" A SEAT for three, where host and guest
May side-by-side pass toast or jest ;
And be their number two or three,
With elbow-room and liberty,
What need to wander east or west ? "

" A book for thought, a nook for rest,
And meet for fasting or for fest,
In fair and equal parts to be
A seat for three. "

" Then give you pleasant company,
For youth or eld a shady tree ;
A roof for council or sequest,
A corner in a homely nest ;
Free, equal, and fraternally,
A seat for three. "

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.



NATURE.

NATURE! holy, meek and mild
Thou dweller on the mountain wild;
Thou haunter of the lonesome wood;
Thou wanderer by the secret flood;
Thou lover of the daisied sod,
Where spring's white foot hath lately trod;
Finder of flowers fresh sprung and new
Where sunshine comes to seek the dew;
Finder of bowers for lovers meet;
Smoother of soles for poets' feet;
Thrice-sainted matron! in whose face,
Who looks in love will light on grace;
Far-worshipped goddess! one who gives
Her love to him who wisely lives;—
Oh! take my hand and place me on
The daisied footstool of thy throne;
And pass before my darkened sight
Thy hand which lets in charmed light;
And touch my soul, and let me see
The ways of God, fair dame, in thee.

Or lead me forth o'er dales and meads,
Even as her child the mother leads;
Where corn yet milk in its green ears,
The dew upon its shot blade bears;
Where blooming clover grows, and where
She licks her scented foot, the hare;
Where twin-nuts cluster thick, and springs
The thistle with ten thousand stings;
Untrodden flowers, and unpruned trees
Gladdened with songs of birds and bees;
The ring where last the fairies danced,
The place where dank Will latest glanced,
The tower round which the magic spell
Of minstrel threw its latest spell—
The stream that steals its way along
To glory consecrate by song:
And while we saunter, let thy speech
God's glory and His goodness preach.

Or when the sun sinks, and the bright
Round moon sheds down her lustrous light;
When larks leave song and men leave toiling
And hearths burn clear, and maids are smiling:
When hoary hinds with rustic saws
Lay down to youth thy golden laws;
And beauty is her wet cheek laying
To her sweet child and silent praying:
With thee in hallowed mood I'll go,
Through scenes of gladness or of woe
Thy looks inspired, thy chastened speech

Me more than man hath taught shall teach;
And much that's gross and more that's vain
As chaff from corn shall leave my sirzin.
I feel thy presence and thy power,
As feels the rain yon parchéd flower;
It lifts its head, spreads forth its bloom,
Smiles to the sky and sheds perfume,
A child of woe sprung from the clod
Through Thee seeks to ascend to God.

THE TOWN CHILD AND THE COUNTRY
CHILD.

CHILD of the Country! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
Born like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new;
Fed mid the May flowers like the bees,
Nursed to sweet music on the knees.
Lulled on the breast to that sweet tune
Which winds make mid the woods in June.
I sing of thee;—'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Child of the Town! for thee I sigh;
A gilded roof's thy golden sky,
A carpet is thy daisied sod,
A narrow street thy boundless wood,
The rushing deers, the clattering tramp
Of watchmen, thy best light's a lamp,—
Through smoke, and not through trellised vine
And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines;
I sing of thee in sadness; where
Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair.

Child of the Country! Thy small feet
Tread on strawberries red and sweet.
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee;

The bush o'er which the throble sung
In April while she nursed her young ;
The dew beneath the sloe-thorn where
She bred her twins the timorous hare ;
The knoll wrought o'er with wild blue-bells
Where brown bees build their balmy cells ;
The greenwood stream, the shady pool
Where trouts leap when the day is cool ;
The Shilfa's nest that seems to be
A portion of the sheltering tree.
And other marvels, which my verse
Can find no language to rehearse.

Child of the Town ! for thee, alas !
Glad Nature spreads nor flowers nor grass ;
Birds build no nests, nor in the sun
Glad streams come singing as they run.
A May-pole is thy blossomed tree,
A beetle is thy murmuring bee.
Thy bird is caged, thy dove is where
The poulterer dwells, beside the hare ;
Thy fruit is plucked and by the pound
Hawked, clamorous, o'er the city round ;
No roses twinborn on the stalk
Perfume thee in thy evening walk.
No voice of birds ; but to thee comes
The mingled din of cars and drums,
And startling cries, such as are rife
When wine and wassail waken strife.

Child of the Country! on the lawn
I see thee like the bounding fawn
Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
The first time on the wings of Spring.
Bright as the sun when from the cloud
He comes as cocks are crowing loud;
Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
Now groping trouts in lucid streams;
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
Now hunting echo's empty sound;
Now climbing up some old tall tree
For climbing's sake. 'Tis sweet to thee
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

Child of the Town and bustling street,
What woes and snares await thy feet!
Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
Thy groves and hills are peaks and stiles;
Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,
Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak.
And thou art cabined and confined
At once from sun, and dew, and wind,
Or set thy tottering feet but on
Thy lengthened walks of slippery stone.
The coachman there careering reels,
With goaded steeds and maddening wheels;
And commerce pours each prosing son
In pelf's pursuit and hollos "Run":
While flushed with wine, and stung at play,

Men rush from darkness into day.
The stream's too strong for thy small bark;
Where nought can sail save what is starl..

Fly from the Town, sweet child! for health
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.
There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and shower;
On every herb o'er which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from Earth's fragrant sod
To hope and holiness and God.

WALTER H. DEVERELL.

THE SIGHT BEYOND.

I.

THOUGH we may brood with keenest subtlety,
Sending our reason forth, like Noah's dove,
To know why we are here to die, hate, love,
With Hope to lead and help our eyes to see
Through labour daily in dim mystery,
Like those who in dense theatre and hall,
When fire breaks out, or weight-strained rafters fall,
Towards some egress struggle doubtfully;
Though we through silent midnight may address
The mind to many a speculative page,
Yearning to solve our wrongs and wretchedness,
Yet duty and wise passiveness are won,—
(So it hath been and is from age to age)—
Though we be blind, by doubting not the sun.

THE SIGHT BEYOND.

II.

BEAR on to death serenely, day by day,
Midst losses, gain, toil, and monotony,
The ignorance of social apathy,
And artifice which men to men display:
Like one who tramps along a lonely way
Under the constant rain's inclemency,
With vast clouds drifting in obscurity,
And sudden lightnings in the welkin grey.
To-morrow may be bright with healthy pleasure,
Banishing discontents and vain defiance:
The pearly clouds will pass to a slow measure,
Wayfarers walk the dusty road in joyance,
The wide heaths spread far in the sun's alliance,
Among the furze inviting us to leisure.

THE SIGHT BEYOND.

III.

VANITY, say they, quoting him of old.
Yet, if full knowledge lifted us serene
To look beyond mortality's stern screen,
A reconciling vision could be told,
Brighter than western clouds or shapes of gold
That change in amber fires,—or the demesne
Of ever mystic sleep. Mists intervene,
Which then would melt, to show our eyesight bold
From God a perfect chain throughout the skies,
Like Jacob's ladder light with winged men.
And as this world, all notched to terrene eyes
With Alpine ranges, smooths to higher ken,
So death and sin and social miseries;
By God fixed as His Bow o'er moor and fen.

A MODERN IDYL.

“PRIDE clings to age, for few and withered powers,
Which fall on youth in pleasures manifold,
Like some bright dancer with a crowd of flowers
And scented presents more than she can hold:

“Or as it were a child beneath a tree,
Who in his healthy joy holds hand and cap
Beneath the shaken boughs, and eagerly
Expects the fruit to fall into his lap.”

So thought I while my cousin sat alone,
Moving with many leaves in undertone,
And, sheened as snow lit by a pale moonlight,
Her childish dress struck clearly on the sight:
That, as the lilies growing by her side
Casting their silver radiance forth with pride,
She seemed to dart an arrowy halo round,
Brightening the spring-time trees, brightening the
ground;
And beauty, like keen lustre from a star,
Glorified all the garden near and far.
The sunlight smote the grey and mossy wall
Where, 'mid the leaves, the peaches one and all,
Most like twin cherubim entranced above,
Leaned their soft checks together, pressed in love.
As the child sat, the tendrils shook round her;
And, blended tenderly in middle air,

And watch the moving shadows, as you pass,
Trace their dim network on the tufted grass,
And how on birch-trunks smooth and branches old,
The velvet moss bursts out in green and gold,
Like the rich lustre full and manifold
On breasts of birds that star the curtained gloom
From their glass cases in the drawing-room.
Mark the spring leafage bend its tender spray
Gracefully on the sky's ærial grey;
And listen how the birds so voluble
Sing joyful pæans winding to a swell,
And how the wind, fitful and mournful grieves
In gusty whirls among the dry red leaves;
And watch the minnows in the water cool,
And floating insects wrinkling all the pool.

So in your ramblings bend your earnest eyes,
High thoughts and feelings will come unto you,—
Gladness will fall upon your heart like dew,—
Because you love the earth and love the skies.

Fair pearl, the pride of all our family:
Girt with the plenitude of joys so strong,
Fashion and custom dull can do no wrong:
Nestling your young face thus on Nature's knee.

SONG.

I look into the eyes I love
And watch the old love leaming,
And call from out the buried years
The old, old lover's dreaming.

Just here and there one line of grey
Divides the raven tresses,
I sigh :—youth fades apace—I smile,
The love that blest, still blesses !

THOMAS FAED, R.A.



BURNS.

SUGGESTED BY ALMA TADEMA'S PAINTING, "A
READING FROM HOMER." ROYAL ACADEMY
EXHIBITION, 1885.

NOT Homer's lays to ancient Greek
On Sunium's marble lying,
In sweeter, grander tones could speak
To warrior bold or maiden meek,
Than Burns among his moorlands bleak
Who sang in strains undying.

The shepherd 'mid his mountain land,
The cow-boy and the hind,
The artisan with horny hand,
All bless the peasant-bard whose wand
With magic witched their native strand.—
All own his master mind.

Words gave he to the bashful swain :

He sweeter made the May

When lovers met—will meet again—

The old, old song, the old refrain—

The twilight hour that breaks the strain

Of weary, toilsome day.

The poorest cotter o'er his lays,

Since life's hard strife began,

Forgets its slavish, drudging ways,

Forgets its dark and sunless days,

And lifts his eyes to God in praise

To feel he still is *man*.

The sire bequeathed unto his son,

True pride and manly sense ;—

Could thrift and toil life's fight have won,

That father, when his days were done,

Could not have left his gifted one

A nobler heritage.

A DREAM.

A FAIRY land among the hills,
 'Mid misty peaks and glancing rills ;
 Far, far away from human ills,
 In dreamland, I met thee, Fanny.
 O'er heath aglow with setting sun,
 Thy hand in mine,—our love begun,
 With hearts as fresh as when I won
 Thine own leaf one to me, Fanny.

Where did we go?—the twilight o'er us,
 Our love our guide ; the world before us :
 The murmuring wind through echoing corries
 Made music with thy voice, Fanny.
 Thine eye my star—Was ever light
 So soft, so witching, or so bright?—
 The gloaming shading into night
 Was never felt by me, Fanny.

The swift shrike's scream the silence broke,
 The homeward raven's eerie croak
 Ben Loyal's solemn slumber woke,
 I felt thee cling to me, Fanny.
 The mournful owl, like gentle sigh,
 Fanned thy soft cheek in passing by,
 Close by, with half-averted eye,
 I felt thee call, to me, Fanny.

It was our spirits' trysted meeting
By yon grey stone, our wild hearts beating,
The old, old tale of love repeating,
 So dear to thee and me, Fanny.
Dreams of a time that would not stay,
When youth was one long holiday,
And tears our sorrows washed away,
 Ah ! would it were so now, Fanny.

I woke—Alas ! the morning star
Hung trembling o'er dark Ben Avar,
And thy sweet spirit, dim, afar,
 In sadness left my view, Fanny.
The envious dawn, on light wings borne,
In purply plumage paints the morn,
And I?—all lonely and forlorn—
 My heart has gone with thee, Fanny.

WEE AUNTIE JEANIE.

'Twas wee Auntie Jeanie that sat by our bed—
We had baith said our prayers at her knee—
She was winsome and sweet, wi' a glad smile to meet
My rosy wee brither and me.

But she left us at last ; and sad, sad were our hearts ;
And sair, oh sae sair, did we weep—
Though we held by her sleeve, thinking she couldna
leave
Till our grip slid awa in our sleep.

We are bairnies nae longer—Johnnie noo is a man
Working hard for my faither and me ;
Yet through monie lang years rose, unbidden, our tears,
For baith auntie and mither was she.

It's noo but a dream—a dim dream o' the nicht,
As she glides to the foot o' my bed,
But nae smile can I trace on her twilight-like face,
Tho' her golden hair haloes her head.

LONDON, *Oct.* 1887.

MY HEART IS SAIR.

MY heart is sair,—I canna sew;
My spinnin' wheel is still.
The shades o' nicht are creepin' fast
Up Bennan's whitenin' hill;

The cauld wind through the corrie moans,
The drift is at the door—
Wi' sic a merciless storm as this
Shall I see Jamie more?

I canna greet—I canna pray—
Poor rebel heart be still—
Kind God ! oh watch my shepherd boy !—
And bend me to Thy will.

JAMES GREIG.

IF LOVE WERE DEAD.

I'd take my harp and break the strings
That oft the sweetest music shed,
And fly from earth on borrowed wings—
If Love were dead.

I'd never wander out at e'en
To meet a certain dark-eyed maid
Within yon waving plantin' green—
If Love were dead.

I'd never taste the pure delight
Of kissing lips like roses red ;
Our eyes would never beam so bright—
If Love were dead.

Kind words would never lighten woe,
Nor gently hands be ever laid
Upon the fever-tortured brow—
If Love were dead.

The flowerets fair would bloom in vain,
Yon Trees would throw no welcome shade,
Fair summer would unfruitful reign—
If Love were dead.

The sun would never gleam on high,
Our lovely earth would shake with dread,
And man, proud man, would pine and die—
If Love were dead.

THE FACE I SAW TO-DAY.

I WALKED within the cool green shade
Of yonder wood to-day,
And there, beneath a stately tree,
A lovely maiden lay.
Unseen, I gazed in wonderment—
My heart thrilled to its core;
So pure, inspiring loveliness
I ne'er had seen before.

Her hair was like the dusky gold
Of yonder shady corn;
Her eyes were like the tender blue
That tints the sky at morn;
Her lips, like petals of a rose,
Were parted in a song,
And zephyrs passing through the wood
Bore every note along.

The sunbeams through the branches stole
And kissed her peerless face,
And flowerets fair waved all around
Her form replete with grace.
I envied all the sunbeams bright
Those kisses pure and sweet,
I longed to be the daisy white
That grew beside her feet.

And yet a something held me back—
A reverential fear,
She seemed so like a visitant
From yon celestial sphere.
So, with one long, regretful look,
I turned and stole away;
But while I live I'll ne'er forget
The face I saw to-day.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

INDUSTRY.

My days are never weary, yet I toil
Like a strong plough that turns a stony soil;
A harvest it shall bear!
My soul is precious land I hold from God—
Early and late I furrow every sod,
And drop the rich seed there.
And still I feel no weariness nor pain
Steal over me. My labour is not vain,
For, reared with earnest care,
Autumn will show her sheaves of golden grain!

A LONDON STUDIO.

THEY who love Nature best surround themselves
 With objects that recall her to the mind;
 And in great cities you will often meet
 Some treasured relie, an imprisoned thrush,
 Or, with their roots in water, hyacinths
 Flowering in narrow windows to the sun.
 But in an artist's painting-room, to aid
 His memories of fair landscapes far away,
 When by oppressive gaslight in the fogs
 Of winter he must labour for his bread,
 You see such relics most. A creeping plant
 Hangs on the gas-pipe—once above a stream
 It drank the ceaseless dew of scattering spray.
 Between the quaint old ceiling and the floor
 A falcon hangs suspended by a thread,
 A scarecrow blind and shrunken—not the same
 As when he used to hover in the wind,
 With wings outspread and quivering, and keen eye
 That watched the fields below, where not a mouse
 Could leave its hole and live. A heron, too,
 As sadly changed is on the mantelpiece,
 Dusty and foul—poor thing, it bathes no more
 Its grey, fine plumage, in the lonely pools
 It used to haunt! Beneath its terrible beak
 A dim and broken snake-skin, badly stuffed,
 Lies stiffly coiled—how altered since it clothed
 A lithe and supple creature with a garb
 Of gleaming silver!

TURNER.

TURNER had strength to bear that tempering
That shatters weaker hearts and breaks their hope.
He still pursued his journey step by step—
First modestly attired in quiet grey,
As well became sincere humility;
Then with a plume of colour he adorned
His simple raiment and so walked awhile;
Until at last, like his beloved Snn,
He set in forms of strangest phantasy,
Coloured with gold and scarlet, and the lands
Of his conception grew as dim and vague
As shadows. So his mighty brain declined.

Men have accused him of mean avarice
Since, being rich, he lived in poverty;
Yet had they gone and tempted him with gold
To sell the fairest children of his hand,
He would have scorned their offers, and replied:
“These are too precious for your galleries—
They bear my spirit’s image. I bequeath
Them undivided to my country’s care.”
So in that gloomy mansion where he dwelt,
He kept those works around him till his death;
And so denied himself, and sacrificed
More wealth by that reserve than feeblér minds
Might strive a lifetime to accumulate.
Religious men have often lived from choice

In poverty, that wealth might not distract
 Their souls from contemplation. It was so
 With Turner the recluse, and rightly so;
 For Art is a religion, and would scorn
 A soul's divided service. We respect
 The painter whom no pleasures could allure
 From his serene, laborious solitude;
 Who gathered wealth for painters after him,
 And only cared for Art and for his fame!
 The tempting growth of riches neither changed
 His frugal habits into luxury,
 Nor hindered his devotion to his art.
 Better plain thrift than that improvidence
 Which ruins Art by making its pursuit
 A path whereby the debtor may escape
 By trick and speed the horrors of the jail!
 Turner bequeathed his riches unto Art,
 And to extend his fame—a noble wish;
 And from the grave he challenged Claude Lorraine,
 And still they try their prowess side by side,
 Living on canvas in strange rivalry.
 But you who would be judges in this cause
 Must go to Nature, the great law-giver,
 And having studied her eternal code,
 Give your decision without any fear
 Of prejudice or withered connoisseurs.

TO —, ON RETURNING A SILK KERCHIEF
OF HER'S.

WINGED with my kisses go, go thou to her,
And bid her bind thee round her faultless throat;
Till thou, close-lying o'er the charmed stir
Of her white breast, grow warm, and seem to float
Away into the golden noon, the still,
Deep sunlight of her. Oh, sleep on! 'tis thine,
Love's summer day. No, not June's thronged hours,
So glad are, when the song of birds fulfil
Earth, and the breezes in the grass decline,
Held by the scent of many thousand flowers.

Yet loose that flood of kisses, that thou hast,
Into her bosom, and through all her hair;
Whispering it is my utmost wealth amassed
For her, being fairest; nor do thou forbear,
Until she feel my spirit, like a blush,
Steal by her shoulder and frail neck: for when
The gorgeous scarlet burning shall have moved
Over her cheek, the little after hush
Will tell to her, that I am happy then,
God! for how short a time, and—she is loved.

Loved? Wherefore loved, that never may be had,
Never enjoyed? Is it, that thus might grow
From out a look, a touch, now past and sad,
My Beatrice, and my perfect love; and so

Dwell with me here ; although the while I guess
'Tis but a dream, which only does me wrong.
O wretched thought ! and yet the hour, that girds
My pensive nature with her loveliness,
Would bitter be, as 'tis unto this song,
To wed these thoughts too stern for dainty words.

Would 'twere no dream this dream, this long, devout,
Untiring worship, vainly yet essayed,
This absolute love ; then were the torturing doubt,
The troubled ocean of the soul allayed :
Desire would have her lust, and we have ease
Here from her everlasting thirst, nor pine
Vainly, but feel the fret, the harrowed breath,
The throbbing heart, that will not, will not cease,
Stilled into marble, Greek like, calm, divine,
Remembering not the past—Stay! *This is death!*

LINES

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SUGGESTED BY THE OMISSION OF THE WORD
"HAERETICISQUE" IN THE RESTORED INSCRIPTION
ON SIR THOMAS MORE'S TOMB AT CHIESEA.

FROM Arius to Luther it was truth,
They in this night
Looked but diversely for the breaking east;
Yea, Lord, in sooth
All, all desired thy light
And mourned sin had not ceased.
"Light, light!" they cried, and yet no light prevailed.
What, stumbled they?
They stumbled then where no man surely trod,
Though Christ they hailed.
Beautiful spirits! Aye,
I dwell in too much beauty, O my God!

LINES WRITTEN IN THE GLEN AT
PENKILL.

'Tis nature's garden, that she made
For love and noble thought,
A wonder of green boughs and shade;
Through which a stream she brought,
With bubbling wells to cool the glade.

It were a place, if any were,
To tell the sacred sheaves
Of garnered joys within this fair,
This quiet church of leaves,
Unto the good, the patient air.

But love, and life, and holy song,
Already fade, and lose
Their early rest; and soonest wrong,
That which we most would choose,
And mingle with the common throng.

ARTHUR HUGHES.

IN A LETTER TO WILLIAM BELL SCOTT AT
PENKILL.

Scotus never sends a line,
Perhaps poor Scotus has no ink,
Or reads in some wise book I think,
He should not cast his pearls to swine.

This was my thought the other day,
When sick and sore from Fortune's bumps—
And, fool like, nursing doleful dumps,
A silly state that does not pay.

But now his letter comes along—
To me in Cornwall, weather-bound,
Wild storm and wind and rain all round—
Clear Penkill sunshine cleaves the throng.

And all my swine run down to sea,
And drown themselves by Michael's Mount,
It does not matter, does not count
One penny, tho' so fat they be.

TO A CHILD.

ON A DOT.

My beloved is taller than I,
But yet I'm above him ;
He's not all himself without me,
And therefore I love him ;
He is I, while I am not he,
But a part if he lets me ;
Yet I am but a speck in his eye,
And he often forgets me.

A. W. HUNT.



IN THE CAMPO SANTO, PISA.

“WHAT bear ye homeward through the strife
Of waves that round your prowls are leaping?
What other treasure than dear life
Hold your frail argosies in keeping?
Silver or gold or jewels rare
As pearls of dew-sprent morning?”
“Not these we bear, nor any ware
That fits life’s use or life’s adorning.”

“Ye bear the trace of many a scar,
Your shields with cruel blows are dented.
Bring ye no trophies such as are
With death’s own grip in wrestle printed?
Something to fade in choir or nave,
Or transept dimly lighted,
While o’er the silence of your grave
Your half-forgotten deeds are cited?”

Dust very God hath trodden !—dust
Which they who bore it o'er the sea
Sought to be laid in, with fond trust
Their sleep would thereby sweeter be—
Dust—but the setting's wondrous fair ;
Man's spirit owns not here death's shame—
Death's horror, but not death's despair,
Set those dim-frescoed walls aflame—

And the same voice which bade me see
(Reading their legend o'er their graves)
Their galleys breasting steadily
With strangest freight the mounded waves,
Asks me whose spirit soars at best
Before a great Unknown to bow,
“ Where look you for your place of rest ?
What earth is sacred to you now ? ”

VANITY OF VANITIES.

AH ! I know it my darling : but who can say nay to you?
Who can say nay to those eyes, when they pray to you?
Who can say nay to those lips, when they say to you
“ On a rose, on a glove, on a jewel, I am thinking ? ”

Were we strong, were we wise, had but virtue the hold
of us ;
Were we cold, to behold such a love's face unblinking ;
Were it aught, but such stuff as it is, sweet, the mould
of us ;
Ah ! then we might smile, and suffice you with smiling :
Yea, then were we proof against all the beguiling
Of even those eyes, and that exquisite lip's curve.

Great God ! what avails ? where his honey Love sips,
nerve
Your soul to denial, Love will sip there again,
And again, till the end : as it hath been, it will be :
Aye, stronger, than strength of Death's fear, Love shall
still be ;
Cruel Love that but plays with you, fast in his chain.

A PRAYER.

DEAR, let me dream of love,
Ah ! though a dream it be !
I'll ask no boon above

A word, a smile, from thee ;
At most, in some still hour, one kindly thought of me.

Sweet, let me gaze awhile
Into those radiant eyes !
I'll scheme not to beguile

The heart, that deeper lies
Beneath them, than yon star in night's mysterious skies.

Love, let my spirit bow
In worship at this shrine !
I'll swear, thou shalt not know
One word from lips of mine,

An instant's pain that sends through that shy soul of
thine.

GOOD FRIDAY.

HE hangs a dead corpse on the tree,
Who made the whole world's life to spring :
And, as some outcast, shameful thing,
The Lord of all we see.

Darkness falls thick, to shroud the time :
Nature herself breaks up, and cries :
Even from the grave shocked ghosts arise,
At this tremendous crime.

Speak not : no human voice may tell
The secrets, which these hours enfold :
By treacherous hands to traitors sold,
God's self submits to Hell.

Speak not : draw close : through stricken heart
Drink in the sense of all that's here :
The shame, the cross, the nails, the spear,
Rending His soul apart.

Ah ! and far crueller, far, than they ;
Tools and mere symbols, these ; our sin !
Breathe to thyself, soul, deep within,
" 'Twas I, that caused this day ! "

SELWYN IMAGE.

Speak not : He speaks not : no reproach
Falls from those dying lips on thee :
No vengeance, muttering ills to be,
Bars thy devout approach.

Stricken, un murmuring, dead, divine,
This day He hangs, as He hung of old :
Only the dire sight cries, " Behold !
Was ever love like mine ! "

J. W. INCHBOLD.

LIFE'S WORDS.

THERE is a book wherein we sometimes see
A dim reflection of the face of God;
Awful at times these writings seem to be,
And oft they blossom forth as Aaron's rod,
With flower of tender almond-breathing love,
Such love as mortal of immortal dream,
And time itself is far too brief to prove,
For though the seasons change, this ever gleams
As an Eternal Will.—But most we find
In this wide book writ by the human soul,
In deeds that last, or music of the mind,
A voice august to man for self-control,
That he may reach the utmost strength of bliss
When hope and deed renew these harmonies.

LOVE

I SING of love that has been sung before,
I tell the oldest tale of all the world;
But new or old, I sing yet more and more,
For passion's force within the heart once hurled,
Can but be stayed by passion's Potentate,
Nor can he his own innocents destroy.
And while I feel of love the sweetness great,
I nurse the pain as an impatient boy
The future, knowing not what grief must be:
Thus love exists by interchange of pain
With painful bliss, for both are given to me;
Love changing bliss to woe, and then again
Love's woe to bliss is changed, until at last
Love's passion conquereth, and pain is past.

THE EASTERN LOVE-SONG.

RISE up, my Love, my fair one, come away,
For lo! the winter's past, the rain is gone,
The flowers of earth have come with birds and May,
The turtle cooeth sadly left alone:—
O rise, my love, my sweet one, come away,
The figs are green, the vines are fair and young,
O Love, my Love, my dove! where art thou, say?
Hast heard in rocky clefts the song I sung?
O answer me again, thy voice is sweet,
Rejoice my sight, my Love, with face of thine,
O cease thy shyness, come with love's quick feet,
For thou, my love, art tender, thou art mine:
Belovèd, come, among the lilies feed,
By stream and lotus flower and whispering reed.

LOVE'S WISDOM.

SWEET Love forgive, if when I deemed me wise.
I doubted what I could not understand.
With time has come the opening of mine eyes,
And all thy ways prove good as years expand.—
Strange torture is but test of lover's truth,
Sad doubt Love crowns at last with certainty.
Our tears are reaped again in smiles, as Ruth,
Reaped all, when love was ruled by Love to be:—
Ill memory is lost in sight of Love,
Love's looks make words tell all the wondrous tale.
And silent presence shall be prized above
All joys, that wanting her in all things fail.—
O Love beneficent, once more forgive,
Make me thine own, whilst I thy true life live.

LOVE'S WEALTH.

THE white sea-foam still plays on golden shore,
The sun through tears makes many a jewelled bow,
The trees around the home have leaves no more,
Though tenanted by ever cheery crow;
The fragrant hawthorn groves that bloom like snow,
And sometimes shed their blossoms with the wind
Upon the face of wondering flowers below,
Are deeply flushed with fruit, that birds may find
No lack for winter, now not far away:—
The moist and amber leaves keep warm the earth
That it may leap the sooner to the day,
When radiant Spring is born all fresh with mirth:
And I by this fair world enriched, for thee
Such wealth put forth to loving usury.

LOVE'S VISIONS.

At last are fled the leaves that lingered long,
The sun at last withholds his parting glow,
The clouds move onward like a funeral song,
Or hopeless hang o'er all the water's flow.
I know the flowers, that joined sad days to bliss,
Shall die by this night's keen and piercing frost;
For sweetness fades, though sadness ever is!
So rare are joys to find, so soon are lost!
I could contented be, almost to yield
My joy like latest flowers to Winter's sting,
And sullen scorching moan from wood and field
That saddens life, and mars our harvesting,
But then I close mine eyes and thou art near,
Coming as violets come when Spring is here.

THE AFTERGLOW.

I THOUGHT my simple tale was fully told,
My joys and sorrows settled into peace,
I thought my thraldom had received release,
Since with fair love I had been overbold—
But no! Love's passion lures me to the main
Immeasurable, fairer after storm
That thundered, and through cloud that darkened
 morn :

Pale Love and unrequited still has pain,
Which Hope transforms to some sure coming bliss,
And laughing watches every throb of heart.
Certain there is no fatal fear, if he
Direct the lover to that sealing kiss,
Which then becomes of life the noblest part,
Giving it sweetest strength and harmony.

BEAUTY'S POWER.

O POWER of beauty on a woman's brow!
What strength is like to thine for good or ill?
Who dares attempt thine awful throne to fill
When Death's wind scatters all thy blossom'd bough
And strength and sweetness both have passed away?
O what a power has hell with such fair face
What soul ambition goads thee in the race
That drives from God's calm voice and guiding ray!
Do men now give thee hate, or still does love
Retain them, as when on thy quiet throne
The angels held thee scarce a breath apart?—
'Tis piteous hatred now men's passions move
That should to an imperial love have grown
Led captive by the strength of manly heart.

LOUISE JOPLING.

LUX E TENEBRIS.

DAY dies; and Night, its mourner,
Wrapp'd in sombre robes of woe,
Enthrals us with the mystery
Of her mission here below.

Filling our souls with yearning
For a higher life than ours,
And crying still the warning
That our stay is but of hours.

I listen to her teaching,
And I rise to kiss her feet ;
But from beside her, Memory
Comes, and chains me to my seat.

Unbidden rise before me
Mocking phantoms of the past ·
They shiver me, they chill me
With the shadows that they cast.

Why should thy face for ever
Haunt and scare me with fierce eyes
Wild with the pain and mis'ry
Of despair's unuttered cries?

I know I wrong'd thee living.
Were thy death, too, at my door,
Thou, beholding my repentance—
Even thou would'st spare me more.

And for ever shall the Night
Wipe with gentle hand the sign
Of the sin—and of the anguish—
From every face but mine?

I shriek unto the heavens,
And they send me back my cry :
The stars shine out and mock me
As they hear me ask to die.

What can I do or suffer,
What heavier burden bear?
To rid me of the presence
Of the nameless terror there?

Of eyes that once gazed fondly
Into mine, and found reply—
No, not those eyes—I know it—
'Tis a friend's own mockery :

Yet I strive and struggle vainly
'Gainst its influence and might.
Who will save me from the terror
Of this silence and the night ?

.

Now, now, oh God ! I thank thee,
Comes the brightness of the Day :
The hell-born shadows vanish,
And my spirit dares to pray.

LINES TO ———

I OFTEN wonder where we two shall meet,
By woodland, vale, or in the busy street.
Sometimes my heart is shaken when I hear
A sudden step of some one drawing near.
O love ! what will you do ? will your face change ?
Or will your eyes meet mine with looks grown
 strange ?
Can love then die ? Within your mighty heart
Have I for ever lost a share, a part ?
No, no, a thousand times ! Love such as ours
Time cannot strangle ; no, nor days, nor hours.
Deep in your heart the smould'ring passion stays
One breath of mine, it leaps into a blaze !
Our eyes have but to meet for each to know
That years have had no power, nor friend, nor foe,
One little touch of hands so long apart
Would send the life-blood throbbing to your heart.
The perfume of my hair across your cheek,
Would rob you of your strength and make you weak.
What matter where we meet ? I know, O friend,
That thus it shall be to the bitter end.
Our hearts are true, though both are bound by ties
We cannot break. Not that way duty lies.
Oft in the lonely chamber where I rest
I think of all the love we once possessed.
Do you remember, dear, the day we met ?
The glances of it lingers round me yet.

Without—the breath of Spring was in the air ;
Within—we knew it not—young love was there !
Long time we passed in silence, then I spake ;
My voice the slumber of your heart did break.
Its sound, you told me since, had power to thrill
Your very being. Love, could it so still ?
I know not . . .
Enough, what matters now, since you and I
Are sundered farther than the earth from sky ?

W. J. LINTON.

HYMNS AT OUR WORK.

WISDOM.

LET us be wise!
Nor sort with policies of present wrong,
Which serve none long:
We have no leisure for expediencies.

Let us be wise!
Nor mate with men unworthy of our cause;
Nor win applause
Of fools by being their accomplices!

Let us be wise!
Prudent as truthful: our determined course
Shall hold such force,
Nor Time nor Chance shall bar us from the prize.

INTEGRITY.

Let us be true!
Our cause is holy and our purpose pure;
 Let us be sure
The means we choose hide not our aim from view !

Let us be true!
Our hope can not consent to doubtful deeds:
 Our strong will needs
None but clean hands our righteous work to do.

Let us be true!
Thought, word, and deed, even as our cause, is
 pure;
 And so endure
Firm to the end whatever fate ensue!

INDUSTRY.

Let us work on!
Truly and wisely; ever persevere;
 Nor faint, nor fear:
True, prudent industry hath ever won.

Let us work on!
Work bravely; prove our faithfulness by deeds.
 Sow wide the seeds
Of toil, if we would reap! Let us work on!

Let us work on!
Work through all barrenness, nor count the cost:
 No toil is lost;
Work propheseth triumph: on! eye on!

FAITH.

LET us have faith !
Faith, which is patience when Time lags behind :
 The faithful mind
Works calmly in the certainty of faith.

Let us have faith !
Faith which o'erbridges gulfs of wide disaster ;
 Which can o'er master
Most desperate odds ; which doeth all it saith.

Let us hold Faith !
Even in our own attempt, our victory's pledge :
 The mighty wedge
That rives the toughest obstacle is faith.

OUR CAUSE.

So, Freedom thy great quarrel may we serve,
With truest zeal that, sensitive of blame,
Ever thy holy banner would preserve
As pure as woman's love or knightly fame!

And though detraction's flood we proudly breast,
Or, weakening, sink in that unfathomed sea,
Ever we'll keep aloft our banner, lest
Even the black spray soil its purity.

My life be branded and my name be flung
To infamy;—beforeal, I will wear
Thy beauty on my shield, till even the tongue
Of falsehood echo truth, and own thee fair.

SAMUEL LOVER.

SERENADE.

HARK to my lute sweetly ringing !
 List, love, to me ;
 Dearest, thy lover is singing—
 Singing to thee ;
 Yet, to thy balcony stealing,
 No mantled beauty I see,
 No casement is dimly revealing
 Thy fair form to me.

Perhaps thou art sleeping—my strain, love,
 Meets not thine ear,
 And visions, in shadowy train, love,
 Haply appear.
 Wake thee ! and hearken to me, love,
 If fancy should whisper of ill ;
 But if thy dream be of me, love,
 Oh ! slumber still.

Their bright watch in heaven now keeping,
Beams ev'ry star,
But the sweet eye that is sleeping,
Brighter is far :
For when the pale dawn advances,
Tremulous star-fires decay,
While, e'en at noontide, thy glance is
Bright as the day.

THE DREAMER.

"DREAMING—dreaming—dreaming!—
Dreamer, what dreamest thou?"

"I dream of a mountain valley,
I dream of a mountain brow,
I dream of a mouldering ruin,
I dream of a turret tall,
And I dream of the verdant ivy
That clings to the castle wall;
And I think as I gaze
Through Fancy's haze,
Of a fairy hand so fair,
That pluck'd the bright leaf
In an hour—too brief,
And wreathed it in her dark hair."

"Dreaming—dreaming—dreaming!—
Dreamer, awake and rise!
For sparkling things are round thee,
To win for thine own bright prize.
Of the past there is no returning,
The future uncertain gleams.
Be thine, then, the joys of the present,
Away with thy lardie dreams!"

"No—the dream is more sweet
Of those hours—too fleet,
When that fairy, so fair,
Did pluck the bright leaf
From her own sweet bow'r
To wreath it in her raven hair."

LISTEN.

How sweet 'tis to listen when some one may tell
Of the friend that we love and remember so well,
While, 'midst the soft pleasure we wonder if thus
The friend so beloved ever thinks upon us ;
While the eye with the dew of affection may glisten
How sweet to the praise of the loved one to listen !
Sweet, sweet 'tis to listen !

How sweet 'tis to listen when soft music floats
O'er the calm lake below, in some favourite notes,
Whose intervals sweet waken slumbering thought,
And we listen—altho' not quite sure that we ought ;
While in soul-melting moonlight the calm waters
glisten,
How sweet, but how fatal it may be to listen !
Sweet, tho' fatal to listen !

How sweet 'tis to listen, with too willing ear,
To words that we wish for—yet tremble to hear,
To which “ No ” would be cruel, and “ Yes ” would
be weak,
And an answer is not on the lip, but the cheek.
While in eloquent pauses the eyes brightly glisten,
Take care what you say, and take care how you listen.
Take care how you listen—take care !

'TIS BETTER NOT TO KNOW.

YOU say you love me :—can I trust
That she, by many woo'd,
By me, at length, has had her heart
To constancy subdued?
Perhaps some other love is there?
But do not tell me so:
When knowledge will but bring us grief
'Tis better not to know.

Perhaps that eye has beam'd with love
In days I knew not thee,
That ruby lip hath bent in smiles
For others than for me;
But let that lip in silence keep,
I'll trust its love-like show:
Since knowledge would but bring me grief,
'Tis better not to know.

Oh ! what a simple love is mine
Whose wishes makes its creed ;
But let me think you love me still,
And I'll be blest indeed :
'Tis better that the eye ne'er see
Than that its tears should flow :
When knowledge would but bring us grief,
'Tis better not to know.

THE FLYING CLOUD.

THE flying cloud, the flying cloud,
Is coursing o'er the sky ;
The flying cloud, the flying cloud,
Is sparkling bright and high ;
The soaring lark, on matin wing,
Is singing high and loud,
But e'en the soaring lark can't reach
That lofty flying cloud !

Oh, once my heart was like that lark,
And sang as bright and loud,
And hope was high in youth's fair sky--
Just like yon flying cloud ;
By fancy fired, this heart aspired
More high than Fate allow'd ;
But now its weary wing is tired,
And gone Hope's flying cloud.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

SUMMER DAWN.

PRAY but one prayer for me 'twixt thy closed lips,
Think but one thought of me up in the stars.
The summer night waneth, the morning light slips,
Faint and grey 'twixt the leaves of the aspen,
betwixt the cloud-bars,
They are patiently waiting for the dawn :
Patient and colourless, though Heaven's gold
Waits to float through them along with the sun.
Far out in the meadows, above the young corn,
The heavy elms wait, and restless and cold
The uneasy wind rises ; the roses are dun ;
Through the long twilight they pray for the dawn,
Round the lone house in the midst of the corn.
Speak but one word to me over the corn,
Over the tender, bow'd locks of the corn.

IN PRISON.

WEARILY, drearily,
Half the day long,
Flap the great banners
High over the stone ;
Strangely and eerily
Sounds the wind's song,
Bending the banner-poles.

While, all alone,
Watching the loophole's spark,
Lie I, with life all dark,
Feet tether'd, hands fetter'd
Fast to the stone,
The grim walls, square letter'd,
With prison'd men's groan.

Still strain the banner-poles
Through the wind's song,
Westward the banner rolls
Over my wrong.

NEAR AVALON.

A SHIP with shields before the sun,
Six maidens round the mast,
A red gold-crown on every one,
A green gown on the last.

The fluttering green banners there
Are wrought with ladies' heads most fair,
And a portraiture of Guenevere
The middle of each sail doth bear.

A ship with sails before the wind,
And round the helm six knights,
Their heaumes are on, whereby half blind,
They pass by many sights.

The tatter'd scarlet banners there,
Right soon will leave the spear-heads bare.
Those six knights sorrowfully bear,
In all their heaumes some yellow hair.

PRAISE OF MY LADY.

My lady seems of ivory
Forehead, straight nose, and cheeks that be
Hollow'd a little mournfully.

Beata mea Domina!

Her forehead overshadow'd much
By bows of hair, has a wave such
As God was good to make for me.

Beata mea Domina!

Not greatly long my lady's hair,
Nor yet with yellow colour fair,
But thick and crisped wonderfully:

Beata mea Domina!

Heavy to make the pale face sad,
And dark, but dead as though it had
Been sear'd by God most wonderfully.

—Beata mea Domina!—

Of some strange metal, thread by thread,
To stand out from my lady's head,
Not moving much to tangle me.

—Beata mea Domina!—

Beneath her brows the lids fall slow,
The lashes a clear shadow throw
Where I would wish my lips to be.

Beata mea Domina!

Her great eyes, standing far apart,
Draw up some memory from her heart,
And gaze out very mournfully;

—Beata mea Domina!—

So beautiful and kind they are,
But most times looking out afar,
Waiting for something, not for me.

Beata mea Domina!

I wonder if the lashes long
Are those that do her bright eyes wrong,
For always half tears seem to be

—Beata mea Domina!—

Lurking below the under lid,
Darkening the place where they lie hid—
If they should rise and flow for me!

Beata mea Domina!

Her full lips being made to kiss,
Curl'd up and pensive each one is;
This makes me faint to stand and see.

—Beata mea Domina!—

Her lips are not contented now,
Because the hours pass so slow
Towards a sweet time : (pray for me),
—*Beata mea Domina!*—

Nay, hold thy peace ! for who can tell ;
But this at least I know full well,
Her lips are parted longingly,
—*Beata mea Domina!*—

So passionate and swift to move,
To pluck at any flying love,
That I grow faint to stand and see.
Beata mea Domina!

Yea ! there beneath them is her chin,
So fine and round, it were a sin
To feel no weaker when I see
—*Beata mea Domina!*—

God's dealings ; for with so much care
And troublous, faint lines wrought in there,
He finishes her face for me.
—*Beata mea Domina!*—

Of her long neck what shall I say ?
What things about her body's sway,
Like a knight's pennon or slim tree
—*Beata mea Domina!*—

Set gently waving in the wind ;
Or her long hands that I may find
On some day sweet to move o'er me ?

Beata mea Domina !

God pity me, though if I miss'd
The telling, how along her wrist
The veins creep, dying languidly
—*Beata mea Domina !*—

Inside her tender palm and thin.
Now give me pardon, dear, wherein
My voice is weak and vexes thee.
Beata mea Domina !

All men that see her any time,
I charge you straightway in this rhyme,
What, and wherever you may be,
—*Beata mea Domina !*—

To kneel before her ; as for me,
I choke and grow quite faint to see
My lady moving graciously.
Beata mea Domina !

PETER WALKER NICHOLSON.



SONNET,

PREFIXED TO PAMPHLET, "BEAUTY FOR ASHES."

THE people dwell in prison: evermore
 Heavily gazing o'er the dreary main,
 Saying, "The dawn will never come again;"
 Sighing, "The ghastly East is as the door
 Of a vain dream;" and murmuring o'er and o'er
 Some half-remembered prayer that has lain
 About the memory since their faith was slain,
 And piteous bondage silenced love's sweet lore.

O watching, waiting multitudes forlorn,
 Take courage! for beyond the darkened gate
 Of dawn, above the dusk of wandering sea,
 The obscure mists take flight tumultuously,
 Breaks the supreme great glory of the morn,
 Of these lone years the flower ultimate.

VALE!

PURE crimson splendour of the sunken sun,
Dim purple, telling of the day that's done,
And pale blue glory gleaming overhead.

Strange fires are burning o'er the westward trees,
Soft sob of waters from the eastern seas.
The world is fair, but my true love is dead.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

SLOWLY the surges fall, and the pulse of the billowy
music
Ttrobs in the stillness of night, sobbing with infinite
pain:
So on the shores of the Present murmurs the Ocean
Eternal,
Each tide a cycle of years, with the sigh of numerous
souls;
Souls from the depths of that calm where all live in God
and are God-like,
Souls thrown forth into Time from the unknown home of
the All
And, as the waves rush back, bearing the foam and the
sea-weed,
Filled with the earth and the clay, impure with the froth
of the sand,
So are we drawn in the darkness, stained with the sin of
the creature,
Back to the bosom of God, made pure by His infinite
love.

AN EXHORTATION.

WHERE, oh! where, on what moor do stray your wandering footsteps?

Far to the south, mayhap, in wild trans-Clydean places;
Far o'er sear and ben, so far as the flight of the wild duck,

Flying on all day from the dews of morning till mid-day,
Eke all afternoon, till the tremulous glory of even
Falls and glows from the heavens—a gleam translucently
splendid.

So far off from Nigg do you point the dire death-winged
Pin-fire, central also, or, mayhap, antique muzzle-loader.
Here, far North, we abide in hyperborean remoteness,
Over the ferry of Nigg, one mile from Cromarty; passive
And slow, and provincial very, with a shop and a small
post-office—

Albeit the county town, with three kirks and a policeman—

Furtively festive, we in a boat row over the ferry,
Buy peppermint drops at the shop and have a nip at the
public;

Then, having gone the whole length of debauchery
possible to us,

Return again to our porridge and vesper pipe in our
lodgings.

JOHN ORCHARD.

ON A WHIT-SUNDAY MORN IN THE MONTH
OF MAY.

THE sun looked over the highest hills,
And down in the vales looked he;
And sprang up blithe all things of life,
And put forth their energy;
The flowers crept out their tender cups,
And offered their dewy see;
And rivers and rills they shimmered along
Their winding ways to the sea;
And the little birds their morning song
Trilled forth from every tree,
On a Whit-Sunday morn in the month of May.

LORD Thomas he rose and donned his clothes;
For he was a sleepless man:
And ever he tried to change his thoughts,
Yet ever they one way ran.
He to catch the breeze through the apple trees,
By the orchard paths did stray,
Till he was aware of a lady there
Came walking down that way:
Out gushed the song the trees among
Then soared and sank away,
On a Whit-Sunday morn in the month of May.

With eyes downcast care-slow she came,
Heedless of shine or shade,
Or the dewy grass that wetted her feet,
And heavy her dress all made :
Oh trembled the song the trees among,
And all at once was stayed,
On a Whit-Sunday morn in the month of May.

Lord Thomas he was a truth-fast knight,
And a calm-eyed man was he.
He pledged his troth to his mother's maid,
A damsel of low degree:
He spoke her fair, he spoke her true,
And well to him listened she.
He gave her a kiss, she gave him twain,
All beneath an apple tree :
The little birds trilled, the little birds filled
The air with their melody,
On a Whit-Sunday morn in the month of May.

A goodly sight it was, I ween,
This loving couple to see,
For he was a tall and a stately man,
And a queenly shape had she.
With arms each laced round other's waist,
Through the orchard paths they tread
With gliding pace, face mixed with face,
Yet never a word they said :
Oh! soared the song the birds among,
And seemed with a rapture sped,
On a Whit-Sunday morn in the month of May.

The dew-wet grass all through they pass,
The orchard they compass round;
Save words like sighs and swimming eyes
No utterance they found.
Upon his chest she leaned her breast,
And nestled her small, small head,
And cast a look so sad, that shook
Him all with a meaning said:
Oh hushed was the song the trees among
As over there sailed a glee,
On a Whit-Sunday morning in the month of May.

Then forth with a faltering voice there came,
"Ah, would Lord Thomas for thee
That I were come of a lineage high,
And not of a low degree."
Lord Thomas her lips with his fingers touched,
And stilled her all with his e'e:
"Dear Ella! Dear Ella!" he said,
"Beyond all my ancestry
Is this dower of thine—that precious thing,
Dear Ella, thy purity.
Thee will I wed—lift up thy head—
All I have I give to thee—
Yes—all that is mine is also thine—
My lands and my ancestry."
The little birds sang and the orchard rang
With a heavenly melody,
On a Whit-Sunday morn in the month of May.

J. NOEL PATON.

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

LIFE, thou wert once so sweet, so bright,
I grudged each hour that slumber stole
From happy Day—though happy Night
Brought ever dreams of new delight
To haunt the chambers of my soul.

Now thou art all so dark, so drear,
I pray for sleep to drown the pain,
Though in his grisly train appear
A thousand phantom-shapes of fear
To wring the heart and scere the brain.

THE PRINCE CONSORT MEMORIAL.

(A CAVEAT. JANUARY 14, 1865.)

Nor Theban obelisk, nor Attic fane,
Perched far from men in solitary pride,
On inaccessible crag or bleak hill-side,
Swathed half the year in mist and blinding rain !
He loved the people—for the people toiled—
Lived 'mongst the people—in whose grateful heart
The memory of his goodness lives: a part
Of each man's life. Let not such love be foiled
In its due utterance. Be his monument
Reared in our midst, where ever ebb and flow
The human tides: that eyes unborn may grow
Familiar with each noble lineament
Of the True Man, beside whose sterling worth
As merest tinsel seemed earth's loftiest state and
birth.

SONG.

I.

WITH the sunshine and the swallows and the flowers
She is coming, my beloved, o'er the sea;
And I sit alone and count the weary hours
Till she cometh in her beauty back to me.
And my heart will not be quiet,
But in a purple riot
Keeps ever madly beating
At the thought of that sweet meeting,
When she cometh with the summer o'er the sea;—
 All the sweetness of the south
 On the roses of her mouth;
 All the fervour of its skies
 In her gentle northern eyes
As she cometh, my beloved, home to me.

II.

No more o' nights the shiv'ring north complains,
But blithe birds twitter in the crimson dawn;
No more the fairy-frost flowers fret the panes,
But snowdrops gleam by garden path and lawn;
And at times a white cloud wingeth
From the southland up and bringeth
A warm wind odour-laden

From the bowers of that fair Aiden
Where she lingers by the blue Tyrrhenian Sea;
And I turn my lips to meet
Its kisses faint and sweet,
For I know from hers they've brought
The message rapture fraught,
"I am coming, Love, with summer, home to thee."

.

PROSCRIBED 1690.

LONG are the clouds this night above us, dear :
 Long are the clouds !
Few now on earth the hearts that love us, dear ;
 Foemen in crowds !
But while thy loving heart,
Weak maiden as thou art,
Beats warm and true,
Friendship may pass me by,
Life bring but infamy—
 Nothing I rue !

Cold is the wind this night around us, dear :
 Cold is the wind !
Colder the words of hate that wound us, dear—
 False as unkind.
But while those gentle eyes,
Scorning the world's loud lies,
 Look in my face
Faith-full, as now they look,
Lightly my pride may brook
 Any disgrace.

Dark is the way this night before us, dear :
 Dark is the way !
No kindly star in the black heaven o'er us, dear,
 To lend its ray.

But thou art by my side:
Thy love my trusty guide:
 Thou my life's star,
Lighting my woe-worn soul
On to death's quiet goal—
 Still—ah! so far!

REQUIEM.

WITHERED pansies faint and sweet,
O'er his breast in silence shed,
Faded lilies o'er his feet,
Waning roses round his head,
Where in dreamless sleep he lies—
Folded palms and sealed eyes,—
Young Love, within my bosom—dead.

Young Love that was so fond, so fair,
With his mouth of rosy red,
Argent wing and golden hair,
And those blue eyes, glory-fed
From some fount of splendour, far
Beyond or moon or sun or star—
And can it be that he is dead?

Ayl his breast is cold as snow:
Pulse and breath for ever fled;—
If I kist him ever so,
To my kiss he were as lead;
If I clipt him as of yore
He would answer me no more
With lip or hand—for he is dead.

But breathe no futile sigh; no tear
Smirch his pure and lonely bed.
Let no foolish cippus rear
Its weight above him. Only spread
Rose, lily, pale forget-me-not,
And pansies round the silent spot
Where in his youth he lieth—dead.

AMATHEA.

(FROM AN EPIGRAM OF THEON OF SAMOS.)

I GAZED into her deep, dark eyes:
Gazed down, I thought into her soul;
And my heart leapt with glad surprise
As through their limpid darkness stole

A starry radiance—like the gleam
Of Hesper, when at blush of even
Fond Psyche first in raptured dream
Clasped her young Eros fresh from heaven.

I took the glowing hand that played
In dusky tangles of her hair;
I drew her closer—half afraid
Her form would melt in rosy air.

You love me, O my queen!—I cried;
She stared with wide eyes, cold and dead;
Then, with a low, soft laugh of pride,
Turned from me.—I arose and fled

In wrath and shame.—The dawning light
Of love that in those dark eyes shone,
With such sweet presage of delight—
Was but the reflex of my own!

Yet still their baleful splendour burns
To lure me, moth-like, as of yore;
I hate,—and love, alas! by turns;
But they shall fool me never more!

WILLIAM REAY.



EPISTLE TO JOSEPH SKIPSEY.

'Tis three and twenty summers past
Since you and I apart were cast
To fight the cold world's bitter blast,
 As some folk call it;
But let's be cheerful till the last,
 Whate'er befall it.

I know this world has many a jar,
As rugged as the flinty scaur
Which drives the poet's raptures far
 Beyond his guiding;
And yet the heart that knows no war
 Has little biding.

It needs but little wit to know it;
This is no land for musing poet:
The cricket ball, the people show it
 To be their glory;
Or how some boatman's skill "be blow it"
 Fills all their story.

Yet what's the good of whining, wailing,
Or gathering evils for retailing!
Our vessel's whole! let's keep her sailing!
All weathers past!
We'll find some worthy pilot hailing
Us safe at last.

Here we are still; then let us know
There's pleasure in all winds that blow
O'er summer hills or winter snow,
By night, by day;
And glory in the western glow
Stealing away.

And in the silent hours of night,
When moon and stars are shining bright,
With whom our souls in raptured flight,
Loves oft to roam:
Seeking amid their sacred light
A lasting home.

And golden morn with glittering train,
When Phœbus wakes to light again—
The nibbling flocks, the whistling swain,
The woodman strong,
And reapers 'mong the golden grain
Chanting their song.

A heart-felt song, high up ascending,
A charm unto the landscape lending,
And birds in joyous mirth contending
 Among the trees;
While Autumn tints, harmonious blending,
 Wave in the breeze.

Through such fair visions would I stray,
Till wandering by the Wear's green way,
Where thy fine harp was wont to play,
 Beneath those walls,
Whose towering heights, like giants grey,
 Old time recalls.

To hear thy tales of ancient times,
Of holy men and kingly crimes,
The while the grand cathedral* chimes,
 Would pour their song,
Like poet's flights in loftiest rhymes,
 Floating along.

There many a theme did once engage
Thy thoughts upon that antique page,
Where holy men and bearded sage
 Their legends pour,
A city full of hoary age—
 Grim ancient lore.

* Durham Cathedral.

But yet amid that lusy throng
Of ancient saints in shadows long,
Or heroes moved by passions strong
 In byegone times ;
The sweetest theme should be thy song
 In graphic rhymes.

Such quiet joys I'd seek with thee,
That's found by lonely lake or lea,
Where spells that fall from tower and tree
 And flowerets fine,
Might swell thy songs, so dear to me,
 To many a line.

Two pilgrims still ; we'd cross the Tyne,
Past wooded glens and castles fine,
To see the Wansbeck waters shine—
 Sweet be their flow !
As dear to this fond heart of mine
 Long years ago.

Dear Cousin Rob and Ephraim too,
Whose simple hearts were kind and true,
Oft wandered with us, through and through
 Those pleasant rambles :
When tired, we drank till we were fu',
 At Colin Campb'll's.*

* Hotel at Choppington, near Bedlington.

I like a joyous hour to spend
With social glass and genial friend,
For then our darkest cares will wend
 We know not whither,
To see our happiest feelings blend
 With one another.

Were we among our native hills,
Where bonnie Coquet stream distills,
And Wansbeck, queen of sparkling rills,
 And hawthorns scented—
We'd whet again our blunted quills,
 And live contented.

We'd muse upon each place and time,
Where all things bear the glow of rhyme,
Where every bush and tree can chime
 The raptured story,
Which fire the youth in every clime
 To love and glory.

Whose mountain summit, glen, and cave,
Speak of the glories of the brave,
Who marched forth like the stemless wave,
 'Mid battle's clang;
Laying down the tyrants, and the slave,
 In layers along.

O! then, sweet muse, harmonious maid,
Could I for once but win thine aid,
To touch those glorious scenes portrayed
 In ancient story,
Where sternest warriors deep did wade
 Through blood to glory!

Fair, gentle Muse, take thou my hand,
Lead me to that bright fairy land
Where near to Nature I may stand
 In musing mood,
And every natural charm command,
 By field and flood.

Or to some calm immortal shrine,
Where those who loved and sang recline,
The glory of the radiant Nine,
 In sweet repose;
Where every art in grace combine
 And genius glows.

Yes! were I young, I might aspire,
To touch that mighty swelling lyre,
That wins all hearts; the heart-felt fire,
 Which all men know,
Should be my theme, should me inspire,
 In joy or woe.

But ah! I fear that time's gone by
That lit the flame in you and I,
Which gave a light to every sky
 And streamlet glancing,
And sent the spirits dancing high,
 Like coursers prancing.

Now like a barque with folded sail
I drift before life's rustling gale;
Still would I chant some cheerful tale,
 As long's I may,
And with my genial friend still hail
 Each closing day.

To sit with thee beside the fire,
When day with all its toils retire,
To hear thee sweep the passionate lyre,
 The heart revealing,
Warming the soul till it inspire
 The holiest feeling.

What then were courts, kingdoms, and state,
The gilded name that sounds so great,
The boiling wine, the costly plate,
 The dazzling glare,
Have oft been found, alas! too late—
 Not worth their care.

Keep to thy muse, my gentle crony,
Still weave those lines so soft and bonnie
Of lovers' woes and gossips funny
 Until we meet,
When o'er each tale, dearer than money.
 We'll laugh and greet.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.



SONNETS ON PICTURES.

FOR AN "ANNUNCIATION."

Early German.

THE Lilies stand before her like a screen
Through which, upon this warm and solemn day,
God surely hears. For there she kneels to pray
Who wafts our prayers to God—Mary the Queen.
She was Faith's Present, parting what had been
From what began with her, and is for aye.
On either hand, God's twofold system lay:
With meek bowed face a virgin prayed between.

So prays she, and the Dove flies in to her,
And she has turned. At the low porch is one
Who looks as though deep awe made him to smile.
Heavy with heat the plants yield shadow there;
The loud flies cross each other in the sun;
And the aisled pillars meet the poplar-aisle.

FOR "OUR LADY OF THE ROCKS."

By Leonardo da Vinci.

MOTHER, is this the darkness of the end,
The Shadow of Death? and is that outer sea
Infinite imminent Eternity?
And does the death-pang by man's seed sustained
In Time's each instant cause thy face to bend
Its silent prayer upon the Son, while He
Blesses the dead with His hand silently
To His long day which hours no more offend?

Mother of grace, the pass is difficult,
Keen are these rocks, and the bewildered souls
Throng it like echoes, blindly shuddering through.
Thy name, O Lord, each spirit's voice extols,
Whose peace abides in the dark avenue
Amid the bitterness of things occult.

FOR "RUGGIERO AND ANGELICA"

By Ingres.

I.

A REMOTE sky, prolonged to the sea's brim :
One rock point standing buffeted alone,
Vexed at its base with a foul beast unknown,
Hell-birth of geomaunt and teraphim.
A knight, and a winged creature bearing him,
Reared at the rock : a woman fettered there,
Leaning into the hollow with loose hair
And throat let back and heart-sick trail of limb.

The sky is harsh, and the sea shrewd and salt :
Under his lord the griffin-horse ramps blind
With rigid wings and tail. The spear's lithe stem
Thrills in the roaring of those jaws : behind,
That evil length of body chafes at fault.
She does not hear nor see—she knows of them.

II.

CLENCH thine eyes now,—’tis the last instant, girl:
Draw in thy senses, set thy knees, and take
One breath for all: thy life is keen awake,—
Thou mayst not swoon. Was that the scattered whirl
Of its foam drenched thee?—or the waves that curl
And split, blea’ spray wherein thy temples ache?
Or was it his the champion’s blood to flake
Thy flesh?—or thine own blood’s anointing, girl?

Now, silence: for the sea’s is such a sound
As irks not silence; and except the sea,
All now is still. Now the dead thing doth cease
To writhe, and drifts. He turns to her: and she,
Cast from the jaws of Death, remains there, bound,
Again a woman in her nakedness.

FOR A "VIRGIN AND CHILD."

By Hans Memmelinck (in the Academy of Bruges).

MYSTERY : God, man's life, born into man
 Of woman. There abideth on her brow
 The ended pang of knowledge, the which now
 Is calm assured. Since first her task began
 She hath known all. What more of anguish than
 Endurance oft hath lived through, the whole space
 Through night till day, passed weak upon her face
 While the heard lapse of darkness slowly ran ?

All hath been told her touching her dear Son,
 And all shall be accomplished. Where he sits
 Even now, a babe, He holds the symbol fruit
 Perfect and chosen. Until God permits,
 His soul's elect still have the absolute
 Harsh nether darkness, and make painful moan.

FOR A "MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE."

*By Hans Memmelinck (in the Hospita! of St. John at
Bruges).*

MYSTERY : Catherine the bride of Christ.

She kneels, and on her hand the holy Child
Now sets the ring. Her life is hushed and mild,
Laid in God's knowledge—ever unenticed
From God, and in the end thus fitly priced.

Awe, and the music that is near her, wrought
Of angels, have possessed her eyes in thought :
Her utter joy is hers, and hath sufficed.

There is a pause while Mary Virgin turns

The leaf, and reads. With eyes on the spread
book,

That damsel at her knees reads after her.

John whom He loved, and John His harbinger,
Listen and watch. Whereon soe'er thou look,
The light is starred in gems and the gold burns.

FOR "THE WINE OF CIRCE."

By Edward Burne Jones.

DUSK-HAIRED and gold-robed o'er the golden wine
 She stoops, wherein, distilled of death and shame,
 Sink the black drops; while, lit with fragrant flame,
 Round her spread board the golden sunflowers shine.
 Doth Helios here with Hecatè combine
 (O Circe, thou their votaress?) to proclaim
 For these thy guests all rapture in Love's name
 Till pitiless night give day the countersign?

Lords of their hour, they come. And by her knee
 Those cowering beasts, their equals heretofore,
 Wait; who with them in new equality
 To-night shall echo back the sea's dull roar
 With a vain wail from passion's tide-strown shore
 Where the dishevelled sea-weed hates the sea.

FOR "THE HOLY FAMILY."

By Michael Angelo (in the National Gallery).

TURN not the prophet's page, O Son! He knew
 All that thou hast to suffer, and hath writ.
 Not yet thine hour of knowledge. Infinite
 The sorrows that thy manhood's lot must rue
 And dire acquaintance of thy grief. That clue
 The spirits of thy mournful ministerings
 Seek through yon scroll in silence. For these
 things
 The angels have desired to look into.

Still before Eden waves the fiery Sword,—
 Her Tree of Life unransomed: whose sad Tree
 Of Knowledge yet to growth of Calvary
 Must yield its Tempter,—Hell the earliest dead
 Of earth resign,—and yet, O Son and Lord,
 The seed o' the woman bruise the serpent's head.

FOR "SPRING."

By Sandro Botticelli (in the Accademia of Florence).

WHAT masque of what old wind-withered New Year
Honours this Lady? Flora, wanton-eyed
For birth, and with all flow'rets pranked and pied.
Aurora, Zephyrus, with mutual cheer
Of clasp and kiss: the Graces circling near,
'Neath bower-linked arch of white arms glorified:
And with those feathered feet which hovering glide
O'er Spring's brief bloom, Hermes the harbinger.

Birth-bare, not death-bare yet, the young stems stand
This Lady's temple-columns: o'er her head
Love wings his shaft. What mystery here is read
Of homage or of hope? But how command
Dead Springs to answer? And how question here
These mummers of that wind-withered New Year?

SONNETS FOR ROSSETTI'S OWN PICTURES
AND DRAWINGS.

"THE PASSEOVER IN THE HOLY FAMILY."

(For a Drawing.)

HERE meet together the prefiguring day
 And day prefigured. "Eating, thou shalt stand,
 Feet shod, loins girt, thy road-staff in thine hand,
 With blood-stained door and lintel,"—did God say
 By Moses' mouth in ages passed away.
 And now, where this poor household doth comprise
 At Paschal-Feast two kindred families,—
 Lo! the slain lamb confronts the Lamb to slay.

The pyre is piled. What agony's crown attained,
 What shadow of Death the Boy's fair brow subdues
 Who holds that blood wherewith the porch is stained
 By Zachary the priest? John binds the shoes
 He deemed himself not worthy to unloose;
 And Mary culls the bitter herbs ordained.

“MARY MAGDALENE AT THE DOOR OF SIMON
THE PHARISEE.”

(For a Drawing.)

“WHY wilt thou cast the roses from thine hair?
Nay, be thou all a rose,—wreath, lips, and check.
Nay, not this house,—that banquet-house we seek;
See how they kiss and enter; come thou there.
This delicate day of love we two will share
Till at our ear love’s whispering night shall speak.
What, sweet one,—hold’st thou still the foolish freak?
Nay, when I kiss thy feet they’ll leave the stair.”

“Oh loose me! Seest thou not my Bridegroom’s face
That draws me to Him? For His feet my kiss,
My hair, my tears He craves to-day:—and oh!
What words can tell what other day and place
Shall see me clasp those blood-stained feet of His?
He needs me, calls me, loves me: let me go!”

"VENUS VERTICORDIA."

(*For a Picture.*)

SHE hath the apple in her hand for thee,
 Yet almost in her heart would hold it back;
 She muses, with her eyes upon the track
 Of that which in thy spirit they can see.
 Haply, "Behold, he is at peace," saith she;
 "Alas! the apple for his lips,—the dart
 That follows its brief sweetness to his heart,—
 The wandering of his feet perpetually!"

A little space her glance is still and coy;
 But if she give the fruit that works her spell,
 Those eyes shall flame as for her Phrygian boy.
 Then shall her bird's, strained throat the woe
 foretell,
 And her far seas moan as a single shell,
 And through her dark grove strike the light of Troy.

“PANDORA.”

(For a Picture.)

WHAT of the end, Pandora? Was it thine,
The deed that set these fiery pinions free?
Ah! wherefore did the Olympian consistory
In its own likeness make thee half divine?
Was it that Juno's brow might stand a sign
For ever? and the mien of Pallas be
A deadly thing? and that all men might see
In Venus' eyes the gaze of Proserpine?

What of the end? These beat their wings at will,
The ill-born things, the good things turned to ill,—
Powers of the impassioned hours prohibited.
Aye, clench the casket now! Whither they go
Thou mayst not dare to think: nor canst thou know
If Hope still pent there be alive or dead.

"A SEA-SPELL."

(For a Picture.)

HER lute hangs shadowed in the apple-tree,
While flashing fingers weave the sweet-strung spell
Between its chords; and as the wild notes swell,
The sea-bird for those branches leaves the sea.
But to what sound her listening ear stoops she?
What netherworld gulf-whispers doth she hear,
In answering echoes from what planisphere,
Along the wind, along the estuary?

She sinks into her spell: and when full soon
Her lips move and she soars into her song,
What creatures of the midmost main shall throng
In furrowed surf-clouds to the summoning rune,
Till he, the fated mariner, hears her cry,
And up her rock, bare-breasted, comes to die?

“FIAMETTA.”

(For a Picture.)

BEHOLD Fiametta, shown in Vision here.

Gloom-girt 'mid Spring-flushed apple-growth she
stands;

And as she sways the branches with her hands,
Along her arm the sundered bloom falls sheer,
In separate petals shed, each like a tear;

While from the quivering bough the bird expands
His wings. And lo! thy spirit understands
Life shaken and shower'd and flown, and Death
drawn near.

All stirs with change. Her garments beat the air:
The angel circling round her aureole
Shimmers in flight against the tree's grey bole:
While she, with reassuring eyes most fair,
A presage and a promise stands; as 'twere
On Death's dark storm the rainbow of the soul.

“THE DAY-DREAM.”

(*For a Picture.*)

THE thronged boughs of the shadowy sycamore
 Still bear young leaflets half the summer through ;
 From when the robin 'gainst the unhidden blue
 Perched dark, till now, deep in the leafy core,
 The embowered throistles urgent wood-notes soar
 Through summer silence. Still the leaves come new ;
 Yet never rosy-sheathed, as those which drew
 Their spiral tongues from spring-buds heretofore.

Within the branching shade of Reverie,
 Dreams even may spring till autumn ; yet none be
 Like woman's budding day-dream spirit-fann'd.
 Lo ! tow'rd deep skies, not deeper than her look,
 She dreams ; till now on her forgotten book
 Drops the forgotten blossom from her hand.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

NIGHT.

FAINT from the bell the ghastly echoes fall,
That grates within the grey cathedral tower;
Let me not enter through the portal tall,

Lest the strange spirit of the moonless hour
Should give a life to those pale people, who
Lie in their fretted niches, two and two,
Each with his head on pillowy stone reposed,
And his hands lifted, and his eyelids closed.

From many a mouldering oriel, as to float,
Its pale, grave brow of ivy-tressed stone,
Comes the incongruous laugh, and revel shout—

Above, some solitary casement, thrown
Wide open to the wavering night wind,
Admits its chill, so deathful, yet so kind,
Unto the severed brow and fiery eye
Of one, whose night hour passeth sleeplessly.

Ye melancholy chambers! I could shun
The darkness of your silence, with such fear,
As places where slow murder had been done,

How many noble spirits have died here
Withering away in yearnings to aspire
Gnawed by mocked hope—devoured by their
fire!

methinks the grave must feel a colder bed
To spirits such as these, than unto common dead

THE HILLS OF CARRARA.

I.

AMIDST a vale of springing leaves

Where spreads the vine its wandering root
And cumbrous fall the autumnal sheaves

And olives shed their sable fruit,

And gentle winds, and waters never mute,
Make of young boughs and pebbles pure

One universal lute.

And bright birds, through the myrtle copse obscure,
Pierced with quick notes, and plumage dipped in dew,
The silence and the shade of each lulled avenue.

II.

Far in the depths of voiceless skies

Where calm and cold the stars are strewed,
The peaks of pale Carrara rise.

Nor sound of storm, nor whirlwind rude,
Can break their chill of marble solitude ;

The crimson lightnings round their crest
May hold their fiery feud—

They hear not, nor reply ; their charmed rest
No flow'ret decks, nor herbage green, nor breath
Of moving thing can change their atmosphere of death.

III.

But far beneath, in folded sleep,
Faint forms of heavenly life are laid
With pale brows and soft eyes, that keep
Sweet peace of unawakened shade,
Whose wreathed limbs, in robes of rock arrayed,
Fall like white waves on human thought,
In fitful dreams displayed ;
Deep through their secret homes of slumber sought,
They rise immortal, children of the day,
Gleaming with godlike forms on earth, and her decay.

IV.

Yes, where the bud hath brightest germ,
And broad the golden blossoms glow,
There glides the snake and works the worm
And black the earth is laid below.
Ah ! think not thou the souls of men to know ;
By outward smiles in wilderness worn ;
The words that jest at woe
Spring not less lightly, though the heart be torn,
The mocking heart, that scarcely dares confess
Even to itself, the strength of its own bitterness.
Nor deem that they whose words are cold,
Whose brows are dark, have hearts of steel,
The couchant strength, untraced, untold,
Of thoughts they keep and throbs they feel,

May need an answering musing to unseal,
Who knows that waves may stir the silent sea,
Beneath the low appeal
From distant shores, of winds unfelt by thee?
What sounds may wake within the winding shell,
Responsive to the charm of those who touch it well.

DAVID SCOTT.

WRITTEN ON LAKE MAGGIORE, 1832.

WITH thee, Lake Maggiore! I'm in love
This morning while the mist is grey above,
On thy calm waters drowsily outspread
I stretch my heart to Heaven, and lay my head—
How long I know not—till the sun looks out
Between two clouds a moment as in doubt.
Silent and slowly now the mountains raise
The endless coverings of vapoury haze
From each grey head, and bending down they greet
Their ancient brethren, as their shadows meet
In thy clear ample face, Maggiore.
Do'h not thy beauty seem a type to me
Of the commanding eye and gentle power
Which in my longing heart, hath many an hour
Held holy presence? Now, in thought, I go
With thee, my sun, my mirroring lake! The flow
Of time forgotten, on the tide we fly;
Our oars are strong, our boatmen—can they die?

No! says the trembling blue between the clouds—
Yes! says the vapour, that the clear blue shrouds,
But while with pleasure skims our barge along,
Come let us join the spirit-boatman's song,
 Glide while we may, while morning shines,
 And the glad earth an answer chimes;
 Tipped with gold are the citron trees,
 And bright is all the drowsed eye sees;
 Every oar-drop while we pull,
 Now turns into a spangle; dull
 Is naught; our bark is bright of colour,
 And our sails can ne'er be fuller;
 The waters, they too with us glide,
 Turning in our course the tide,
 All in service of our skill,
 Bearing onward with good will,
 To guide the way 'mid morning shine,
 To meet our hopes—hopes thine and mine.
 And theirs who with us skim the wave
 That flows 'twixt childhood and the grave.

FAREWELL TO ROME, 1834.

FAREWELL to her who sits upon seven hills—
To call her by no other or worse name;
The Apocalypse has told of all her ills,
I, coming after, only wish the same
Of all her *benes*, for the which I came:
And, going, I take leave of her in rhyme—
If it should be for aye, 'tis all the same—
I am indifferent whether Father Time
Shall ever lead me back to this delightful clime.

Some by their constitution formed to think
Wonders of most things, find their hopes all cheated,
And often with a misanthropic shrink
Turn round and curse their passion overheated;
While still their disappointment, many fated,
Keeps up with them and only parting gives
Small recompense for mischiefs they have greeted;
Till knowledge their anticipation shrives,
And turns them out to lead 'mong grass and weeds
their lives.

That I've been disappointed thus, or pleased,
May to myself more clearly hence appear;
That I've been oft sore, satiated, and teased,
I know; but that is different; more severe

Question I make than these brief feelings bear
An answer to. Meantime I hold my breath
While Time doth weave around, for me to wear,
A robe that in its hidden meshes hath
A power of living life—a darker power than death.

Then farewell, first, to first of bangled fabrics,
The Turnkey's Dome! next, farewell ring for
slaughter—

Or what was so—now magazine of bricks
The largest, and an echo for loud laughter!
Next ground to lay one's flesh and bones in, after
Their use is past, farewell! and unto thee
By some called yellow, and I muddy, water,
The same farewell I freely wish all ye
Houses and dirty streets, called whatsoe'er ye be!

Ye temples ruined, or of present doing,
Farewell! I look at all religions, past
And present here, as much the same—their viewing
Soon becomes irksome—one or two may last
To write their moral. Briefly then I cast
My hat upon my head—"Ye men of Rome,"
Farewell! and ye fair donnas, kindly haste
Your long *adieu*, else it will not come
More strongly on my ear than would a grey fly's hum.

I'm done with both—a *forestiero* more
They find me not—in peace with both I go.

Whate'er I think, or thought a year before
This date, of you, 'twere little worth to know,
Or difficult; there's much that's just so-so
About you—"no respect, no admiration"—
Although there is good style about the flow
Of lines in the dark faces of the nation,
But soulless 'tis, mere physical conformation.

Farewell to moss-chaunts, rubric histories, and
Long-awaited benedictions, festas! all
Living, because they did live ere Time's sand
Had run these last five centuries: the call
Of many voices in your deaf ears brawl—
But deafness is your wisdom—so be still
As an old granite God, or move to fall.
Sphynx found her riddle read, and so yours will
Ere long be read; your numbered cycles fill!

Pictures and statues, great and small, farewell!
It must be we thus part—maybe forever!
But some with memory shall always dwell,
Till ceases flowing the heart's rapid river:
Nor with the many is it pain to sever,—
Happy 'tis so. Oh, Spirit of these few!
Dweller in light, where the unworthy never
Can come to darken! thou the always true!
Grant thou to light my path!—my only prayer to
you.

My studio, to thee farewell! thy walls
Are again bare; those months I've past with thee
I've done my best to mark, if fruitless falls
My effort: so, if Fate says it must be,
Fate is the palliation; rests with me
The present duty, and its pleasures, pains,
Joyance or sadness, gloom or revelry,
That plague the heart and agitate the brain,
As comes or flees the good—the visionary gain.

Farewell to other studios, British first;
There may be one, or two, or three, to see
Which art hath visited; but 'tis a curst
Country they appertain to, in the free
Aiding of those who stake their peace to be
The strugglers in the unrequited way:
Shops of the trade in art, where—mystery!
Gold lends forth what's called "mind" to light of day,
And reputation grows, as grows its gainer's pay.

Critics (all here are such), farewell! but no,
Enough of thy pretensions otherwheres
We have. One hydra I now leave, to go
Where there exists another, spreading snares,
Talking at second-hand, both corn and tares
Rooting up as he goes; the vulgar eyes
Shut up all quietly the monster bears,
In his Pandora-box, whence ever flies
A varied host abroad, and each its story cries.

Old picture copiers, and old picture makers,
I go where both your trades are little known;
Spectacled friends of Titian, Claude, and rakers
Of lumber rooms and halls, where dust hath sown
A soil o'er nameless pictures, by you grown
Into the labours of the greatest names,
They come forth patched and varnished, and are
shown
Authenticated by well managed claims
And passed from prince to count, as best the story
frames.

I part with both, and am well pleased to part,
A sufferer one I've found, and seen him toil
In galleries, working for life's lowest mart
Among the highest things, in ceaseless moil.
The other, a low trickery, a coil
For foolish judges in their self-esteem,
Who spreads his nets upon a fruitful soil
Of knavery, and smoothly drives the team
Of simple souls, that ne'er of being driven dream.

And last farewell, thou band of artist brothers—
Fathers, men-midwives; you may call them either—
Creators they of thoughts, or thoughts of others
Helping to live. Ah, perhaps Spirit-breather
Some one prefers being called, as through the ether
O' the Scalinata he may deftly soar,

Riding his Pegasus, till the mighty nether
World of common sense is lost i' the roar
Of plaudits only heard voting life all a bore.

But I forget the Gleees and *Ben Gout*,
With their best samples of the best of deeds,
Where throng the smoking, coffee-drinking crew
Of various nations, but the artist breeds
Most numerous—a slough wherein the seeds
Of idleness may ripen; but where knowing
Critics of tazzas, mezzo-caldos, T——ds,
Plentiful are, or seen, indeed, just growing,
As they are elbowed round its ample tables flowing.

But I must end. In short, farewell to all
That I have met! Now I look round and view
From where I stand, the glorious Capitol;
It answers more than words, and I renew
My ancient sympathies and hopes, though few
Realities have equal'd them, they come
Back on me fair, but not like those I knew
Beckoning me on, before I left the home
To which I now return, rejoicing I know Rome.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.



THE MADONNA DI SAN SISTO.

ONCE and once only and no more,
Art hath reached the topmost bough,
The goodliest fruit of all the store
Our well-filled garner holds till now.

Out of a life-filled atmosphere
She comes with silent step, with mild
And plaintive eyes bent sadly here,
Holding her prize of prizes, her man-child,
King of the world-expected year
Safe within her queenly arms
Above all harms.

Once and once only and no more,
Above the sensuous classic night,
Born of the dusk mid-christian lore,
Into our midday's questioning light :

Behold ! Ideal womanhood,
Maternity supremely good,
Self-sacrificing, without stain ;
Goddess eternally serene
Yet robed in thoughtful mortal mien ;
And once, no more the painter's art
Hath touched this mystery on the heart.
Behold her here, untouched by pain,
But with foreknowledge of the day
 Still far away
In darkness on the mount of death
Defiled by malefactor's breath—
When, " It is finished ! " he shall cry
And the immortal seem to die.
Finished ? nay, but just begun
 Beneath the sun
Look at him here, a child to-day.

SANDRART'S INSCRIPTION ON ALBERT
DÜRER'S GRAVE, NÜRNBERG.

REST here, thou Prince of Painters, thou who wast better
than great,
In many arts unequalled in the old time or the late.
Earth thou didst paint and garnish, and now, in thy new
abode
Thou paintest the holy things overhead in the city of
God.
And we, as our patron saint, look up to thee ever will
And crown, with a laurel crown, the dust left here with
us still.

TO MY BROTHER,

ON PUBLISHING HIS MEMOIR.

My brother, latest of so many, passed
Across the unknown dark sea, where we all
Must follow, as our days and hours are cast :

I speak to thee, I touch the dreadful pall,
To lay thine own bay-leaves upon thy bier.

It may be in the arcane truths of God,
Thou still dost feel this touch, dost feel and hear,
And recognisest still the cold green sod,
Immensely far yet infinitely near !

Thou who hast shown how much the steadfast
soul

Bears abnegation, how an ideal goal
Robs life, how singleness of heart hopes long,
And how, by suffering sanctified, the song
From the inner shrine becomes more just and
strong.

TO THE ARTISTS CALLED P.R.B.

1851.

I THANK you, brethren in sincerity, —

One who, within the temperate climes of Art,
From the charmed circle humbly stands apart,
Scornfully also, with a listless eye

Watching old marionette's vitality;

For you have shown, with youth's brave confidence,
The honesty of true speech and the sense
Uniting life with "nature," earth with sky.

In faithful hearts Art strikes its roots far down,
And bears both flower and fruit with seeded core;
When Truth dies out, the fruit appears no more,
But the flower hides a worm within its crown.

God speed you onward! once again our way
Shall be made odorous with fresh flowers of May.

AN ARTIST'S BIRTHPLACE.

THIS is the *staleman's* country: every man
Hath his own steading, his own field, his garth
And share of common and of moss, wherefrom
He cuts his winter fuel, building up
The rasset stack above his gable thatch.
Look through that straggling unpruned hedge, you'll
 see
One of those sinewy Saxons, such an one,
From sire to son, perhaps, hath filled that mould,
For these five hundred years; that rough-hewn
 block
Of timber plays the part of harrow here.

And now we reach the turn I told you of,
Close to our journey's end. The violets
Are just as thick as ever, and beneath
The rooty sand-bank those white embers show
A gipsy's bivouac has but late been here.
And there is this old village, with its wide
Irregular path, its rattling streamlet bridged
Before each cottage with loose planks or stones,
And all the geese and ducks that have no fear
Of strangers, the wide smith's shop, and the church
Whose grey stone roof is within reach of hand.
A fit place for an artist to be reared;
Not a great Master whose vast unshared toils,

Add to the riches of the world, rebuild
God's house, and clothe with Prophets walls and
roof,
Defending cities as a pastime—such
We have not! but the homelier, heartier hand
That gives us English landscapes year by year.
There is his small ancestral home, so gay,
With rosery and green wicket. We last met
In London: I've heard since he had returned
Homeward less sound in health than when he
reached
That athlete's theatre, well termed the grave
Of little reputation. Fresh again
Let's hope to find him.

Thus conversing stept
Two travellers downward. The descending road
Rough with loose pebbles left by floods of late:
Straight through the wicket passed they, and in
front
The pent-roofed door stood knocking: all was still:
Through the low parlour windows books were seen
Upon the little settle, and some pots
With flowers, a birdcage hung too without song.
Close to the window; round them noontide glowed
So gladsomely, the leaves were every one
Glistening and quivering, and the hosts of gnats
Spun in the shadows; but within seemed dark
And dead. A quick light foot is heard, and there

Before them stood a maiden in the sun
That fell upon her chestnut hair like fire.

How winsome fair she was 'tis hard to tell!
For she was strong and straight like a young elm.
And without fear, although she halted there
Answering with coy eyes scarce turned to us,
Yet not embarrassed, while she told the tale
Of the sick man. Then felt the strangers free
To look upon her: her tall neck was tinged
With brown and bore her small head easily
Like that of a giraffe; her saffron jupe,
Girt loosely round her long waist, fell in folds
From her high bosom,—but, as hath been said,
How winsome fair she was 'twas hard to tell—
Untaught and strong, and conscious of no charm;
I might describe her from the head succinct,
Even to the high-arched instep of her foot,
And all in vain: the soul sincere, the full
Yet homely harmony she bore with her,
Moved me like the first sight of the sea,
And made me think of old queens, Guenevere,
Or maid Rowena with her "was-hail," or
Asluga whom the Sea-king chanced upon,
Keeping her sheep beside Norse waves, the while
She combed her hair out mirror'd in the stream.

The artist was not there to welcome them,
That much was plain; and more, the life of home
Was not for him; Elspeth, the crazed beldame

O' the village, shouted and sang by sometimes,
And that he could not bear. This and much else,
At the hedge ale-house, while the friends regaled
By the wide chimney where the brown turf burned,
An'd daylight glinted down, they heard. But still
As of the damsel thought they most, one cried—
“I could have ta'en her head between my hands
And kissed her,—she's so wise and frank and kind,
I'm sure she never would have thought it strange.”

WOODSTOCK MAZE.

"O NEVER shall any one find you then!"
Said he, merrily pinching her cheek;
"But why?" she asked,—he only laughed,—
"Why shall it be thus, now speak!"
"Because so like a bird art thou,
Thou must live within green trees,
With nightingales and thrushes and wrens,
And the humming of wild bees."

*Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day
I pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.*

"Nay, nay, you jest, no wren am I,
Nor thrush nor nightingale,
And rather would keep this arras and wall
'Tween me and the winds assail.
I like to hear little Minnie's gay laugh,
And the whistle of Japes the page,
Or to watch old Madge when her spindle twirls,
And she tends it like a sage."

*Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red, still fall,
Fall and fall over churchyard or hall.*

"Yea, yea, but thou art the world's best Rose,
And about thee flowers I'll twine,

And wall thee round with holly and beech,
Sweet-briar and jessamine."

"Nay, nay, sweet master, I'm no Rose,
But a woman indeed, indeed,
And love many things both great and small,
And of many things more take heed."

*Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day
Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.*

"Aye, sweetheart, sure thou sayest sooth
I think thou art even so
But yet needs must I dibble the hedge
Close serried as hedge can grow.
Then Minnie and Japes and Madge shall be
Thy merry mates all day long,
And thou shalt hear my bugle-call
For matin or even-song."

*Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red, still fa'll,
Fall and fall over churchyard and hall.*

"Look yonder now, my blue eyed bird,
See'st thou aught by yon far stream?
There shalt thou find a more curious nest
Than ever thou sawest in dream."
She followed his finger, she looked in vain,
She saw neither cottage nor hall,
But at his beck came a litter on wheels,
Screened by a red silk caul;

He lifted her in by her lily-white hand,
So left they the blithe sunny wall.

*Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day
Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.*

The gorse and ling are netted and strong,
The conies leap everywhere,
The wild briar-roses by runnels grow thick ;
Seems never a pathway there.
Then come the dwarf oaks knotted and wrung
Breeding apples and mistletoe,
And now tall elms from the wet mossed ground
Straight up to the white clouds go.

*Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red, still fall,
Fall and fall over churchyard or hall.*

“ O weary hedge, O thorny hedge ! ”
Quoth she, in her lonesome bower,
“ Round and round it is all the same ;
Days, weeks, have all one hour ;
I hear the cushat far overhead,
From the dark heart of that plane ;
Sudden rushes of wings I hear,
And silence as sudden again.

*Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day
Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.*

“ Maiden Minnie she mopes by the fire,
Even now in the warmth of June ;
I like not Madge to look in my face,
Japes now hath never a tune.

But, oh, he is so kingly strong,
And, oh, he is kind and true;
Shall not my babe, if God cares for me,
Be his pride and his joy too?

*Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red, still fall,
Fall and fall over churchyard and hall.*

“ I lean my faint heart against this tree
Whereon he hath carved my name,
I hold me up by this fair bent bough,
For he held once by the same;
But everything here is dank and cold,
The daisies have sickly eyes,
The clouds like ghosts down into my prison
Look from the barred-out skies.

*Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day
Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.*

“ I tune my lute and I straight forget
What I minded to play, woe's me !
Till it feebly moans to the sharp short gusts,
Aye rushing from tree to tree.
Often that single redbreast comes
To the sill where my Jesu stands;
I speak to him as to a child ; he flies,
Afraid of these poor thin hands !

*Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red, still fall,
Fall and fall over churchyard and hall.*

“ The golden evening burns right through
My dark chamber windows twain :
I listen, all round me is only a grave,
Yet listen I ever again.
Will he come? I pluck the flower-leaves off,
And at each cry, yes, no, yes !
I blow the down from the dry hawkweed,
Once, twice, ah ! it flyeth amiss !
*Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day
I ass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.*

“ Hark ! he comes ! yet his footstep sounds
As it sounded never before !
Perhaps he thinks to steal on me,
But I’ll hide behind the door ! ”
She ran, she stopped, stood still as stone—
It was Queen Eleānore;
And at once she felt that it was death
The hungering she-wolf bore !
*Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red, still fall,
Fall and fall o’er churchyard and hall.*

MARTIN ARCHER SHEE.



FROM "ELEMENTS OF ART."

FROM purer founts the youthful poet draws
His inspiration in the Muses' cause ;
Castalia's sons surround him as he sings,
Prescribe his flights, and exercise his wings ;
Before his eye in bright example rise,
And hov'ring soar seductive to the skies.
Maconia's treasures—Maro's diamond mine,
Enrich the humblest votaries of the Nine ;
Immortal Milton's golden stores expand,
And Shakespeare's bullion shines in every hand :
Whate'er of bard, in age remote, or clime,
Still sounds melodious in the ear of Time,
The Poet finds, to aid his toil, and raise
In kindred breasts, the fires of ancient days.
Not thus the Painter's early progress traced,
—Laid down by high authorities of Taste ;
Too oft remote from Art's established stores,
His path with guideless ardour he explores.

Perceptive lights afford a feeble ray,
And meteors flash delusive on his way.
Nor Raphael's wonders wake his soul to fame ;

Nor fires his breast at Buonarotti's flame :
Nor Claude's clear heav'n, nor Titian's sun-bright
 blaze,
Nor mild Correggio's more attemper'd rays,
Diffuse their cheering influence o'er his hours,
At once to ripen and refine his powers.
The latent spark whose flame to heav'n aspires,
Some vulgar stroke of low collision fires.
Perhaps, some time-worn hanging's faded pride
The pencil's vig'rous impulse first supplied ;
Or, yet more humbly touch'd the spring of Taste,
By holy tales on chimney china traced :
—Stiff ancestors expell'd from pompous halls,
The mildew'd ornaments of mould'ring walls.
Some village Vandyke, haply, fires his eye,
With Hawke, or Affleck flaring from on high ;
St. George, triumphant o'er the prostrate foe,
Or Marlborough, frowning on the field below.
Beyond his reach, Art's bright examples placed
In kinder climes diffuse the light of Taste ;
At home, in churlish cabinets conceal'd
To virtuoso view alone reveal'd.
Tho' stars of art in constellations shine,
The painter rare enjoys the glow divine ;
In cold eclipse his fruitful powers decay,
While sterile pride still intercepts the ray.
Thus, left to roam the graphie wild at will,
As chance directs, or choice—more fatal still ;
'Tis sure, no wonder, if unguarded youth,
'Midst Error's windings, miss the tracks of Truth.

FROM " RHYMES ON ART "; OR, THE
REMONSTRANCE OF A PAINTER.

WHAT various aids the student's course requires,
Whom art allures, and love of fame inspires ;
But chief, what toils demand his earlier hours,
Prepare his triumphs, and unfold his powers,
The Muse attempts—with beating bosom springs,
And dares advent'rous on didactic wings.

Too long our isle, though rich in stores of mind,
Proud to be free, scarce deign'd to be refin'd ;
Still with a surly Spartan virtue frown'd,
Nor sought to rival states for arts renown'd:
But now no longer heedless we refuse
The proffer'd garland of the graphic Muse ;
Britannia binds her laurell'd brows once more,
And adds the only wreath unwon before ;
While nations long supreme in taste retire,
Confess her claims, and in their turn admire.
Yet while supine our gentler genius lay,
And war and commerce bore exclusive sway ;
Ere taste her orb from Latium had withdrawn,
Or yet the cliffs of Albion caught the dawn,
Coxcombs exulting, dar'd her powers despise,
Aspers'd her sons, and slandered e'en her skies :
But now no more the injurious taunt is thrown ;
Her arts, triumphant as her arms, are known ;

Arous'd her genius soars on wing sublime,
Asserts her taste, and vindicates her clime.
Insult ! to think the land where Shakespeare,
The heav'n *he* breath'd—where seraph Milton sung !
In strains more sweet than erst from fabled shell
Or Orpheus old, or fam'd Amphion, fell :
Where Pope, where Dryden swept the sounding lyre,
With Maro's melody, and Homer's fire !

W. M. THACKERAY.



THE MAHOGANY TREE

CHRISTMAS is here;
Winds whistle shrill
Icy and chill,
Little care we:
Little we fear
Weather without
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs,
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom;
Night-birds are we:
Here we carouse,
Singing, like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we know,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care like a dun,
Lurks at the gate;
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink every one;
Pile up the coals;
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drink we the cup.—
Friend, art afraid?

Spirits are laid
In the red sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue devil sprite,
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree.

ARTHUR TOMSON.



THE WITCH-LADYE.

WHEN mortals rest,
When the owl leaves her nest,
And the earth lies still,
And the moon's on the hill,
 Wakes the Witch-Ladye.

There comes a hush—
Then a sudden rush
Of things of the air
That have left their lair
 With the Witch-Ladye.

In a cloud bedight,
Through realms of light,
And valleys of gloom,
On her flying broom
 Sails the Witch-Ladye.

AN AUTUMN GARDEN.

COME, let us linger here a little space,
While red clouds glimmer in the jewelled sky,
And low winds whisper where the dead leaves lie;
Our life to-day to-morrow will efface;
The winged hours speed for ever in their race,
Bearing us blindfold to eternity;
The roses droop and fall,—all joys pass by,
Torn by relentless Time from our embrace.

In that dim world of which no mortal knows,
Bloom there our faded flowers for other eyes?
Or does earth claim them as the winter snows?—
Of the hereafter know we Nature's lore.
O let us love, dear love, till life denies
Lest we meet not on Death's eternal shore.

SPRING SONG.

YELLOW, green, and dappled white,
Meadows sparkling in the light;
Wrapped in emerald and gold,
Nature smiles from brook and wold.

Bird on the willow-tree,
Sing to me—sing to me,
My heart is glad with thee.

Tinkling sheep-bells, shepherd's song,
Breezes echo all day long;
Hawthorn bushes gay with flower
Form again a lovers' bower.

Bird on the willow-tree,
Sing to me—sing to me,
My heart is glad with thee.

Black wings glitter in the sky,
Fleecy clouds seem scarce as high;
Tollers laugh for Spring drives Care
With the dead leaves from her lair.

Bird on the willow-tree,
Sing to me—sing to me,
My heart is glad with thee.

FOR THE PICTURE "THE TEMPLE OF
JUPITER PANELLENIUS RESTORED."

"'Twas now the earliest morning ; soon the sun,
Rising above Ægina, poured his light
Amid the forest, and, with ray aslant,
Entering its depth, illumed the branching pines,
Brightened their bark, tinged with a redder hue
Its rusty stains, and cast along the ground
Long lines of shadow, where they rose erect
Like pillars of the temple."

FOR THE PICTURE "THE FIELD OF
WATERLOO."

"LAST noon beheld them full of lusty life;
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife;
The morn, the marshalling of arms—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe, in one red burial blent!"

Byron

FOR THE PICTURE "THE ERUPTION OF
THE SOUFFRIER MOUNTAINS,"

IN THE ISLAND OF ST. VINCENT, AT MIDNIGHT ON
THE 30TH OF APRIL, 1812.

(From a Sketch taken at the time by Hugh P. Keane, Esq.)

THERE in stupendous horror grew
The red volcano to the view,
And shook in thunders of its own,
While the blaz'd hill in lightnings shone,
Scatt'ring thin arrows round.
As down its sides of liquid flame
The devastating cataract came,
With melting rocks and crackling woods,
And mingled roar of boiling floods,
And roll'd along the ground !

FOR THE PICTURE "THE BATTLE OF FORT
ROCK, VAL D'AOSTE, PIEDMONT, 1796."

"THE snow-capt mountain, and huge towers of Ice
Thrust forth their dreary barriers in vain;
Onward the van progressive forc'd its way,
Propell'd as the wild Reuss, by native Glaciers fed,
Rolls on impetuous, with every check gains force
By the constraint uprais'd; till, on its gathering powers
All yielding, down the pass wide devastation pours
Her own destructive course. Thus rapine stalk'd
Triumphant; and plundering hordes, exulting strew'd
Fair Italy, thy plains with woe."

Fallacies of Hope, MS.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.



TWO SONGS.

FROM "THE PROVOK'D WIFE."

I.

FLY, fly, you happy shepherds, fly!
Avoid Philira's charms,
The rigour of her heart denies
The Heaven that's in her arms,
Ne'er hope to gaze and then retire,
Nor yielding to be blest;
Nature who form'd her eyes of fire,
Of ice composed her breast.

Yet lovely maid, this once believe
A slave whose zeal you move;
The Gods, alas! your youth deceive,
Their Heaven consists in love;
In spite of all the thanks you owe,
You may reproach 'em this;
That where they did their form bestow
They have denied their bliss.

II.

NOT an angel dwells above
Half so fair as her I love ;
Heaven knows how she'll receive me,
If she smiles I'm blest indeed ;
If she frowns I'm quickly freed ;
Heaven knows she ne'er can grieve me.
None can love her more than I,
Yet she ne'er shall make me die ;
If my flame can never warm her,
Lasting beauty I'll adore ;
I shall never love her more,
Cruelty will so deform her.

SONG.

FROM "THE RELAPSE; OR, VIRTUE IN DANGER."

I SMILE at love and all its Arts,
The charming Cynthia cried;
Take heed, for Love has piercing Darts,
A wounded Swain reply'd.
Once free and blest as you are now,
I trifled with his Charms;
I pouted at his little Bow,
And sported with his Arms:
Till urg'd too far, Revenge he cries,
A fated Shaft he drew,
It took its passage through your Eyes,
And to my Heart it flew.

To tear it thence I try'd in vain;
To strive I quickly found
Was only to increase the Pain
And to enlarge the Wound.
Ah! much too well, I fear you know
What pain I'm to endure,
Since what your Eyes alone could do
Your Heart alone can cure.
And that (grant heaven I may mistake)
I doubt is doomed to bear
A burden for another's sake
Who ill rewards its care.

C. W. WHALL.



TWO BABES:

A MIDWINTER BUCOLIC.

[A stable on a hill. The Virgin and Child: to them enters the Old Year.]

THE OLD YEAR.

I have gathered all my sheaves,
I have scattered all my leaves,
All my flowers have fallen down,
Only thorns my forehead crown ;
It is time I were away,
Leaving youth the lengthening day.
Little else than boughs for burning
Take I with me in returning :
Men have filled me with their sin ;
May a better time begin !
Infant God at Mary's knee,
I leave the infant year to Thee.

[He passes Westward ; and the New Year returns from the East.]

THE NEW YEAR.

A moment born, but giant strong
To roll the toiling orbs along,
I hold for twelve months in my hands
Lives outnumbering the sands.
On me the world's whole hope is set,—

CHRIST (*aside*).

And not on Me,—do men forget?

THE NEW YEAR.

But I tremble at my load
And the cold, untrodden road,
The wandering crowds that press and throng,
Where lust is rife, and drink is strong;
'Till drifting down the broadening vale,
Like Autumn leaves upon the gale,
The sere lives are swept along,
Leaving destined chairs unprest
In the circle of the Blest,
And chords imperfect in their song.
I am sent these souls to win,
How shall I my task begin?

CHRIST.

Begin with Me. Oh! take My hand,
That here beseech, who might command.

Let us wander forth together
In this dark and wintry weather:
Now you've come we can begin
Asking who will take us in.
Mother, I must go away
To play once more My passion-play;
Once more in Gethsemane
To go through mine agony;
And once more to climb the road,
Carrying for men My load,
Up the hill to Calvary.

THE VIRGIN.

I will wait in heaven and pray
Until your ascension day.

THE NEW YEAR.

Thou art the Christ! my Lord and God,
Let me accompany Thy road.
With Thee I do not shrink to go
Into the wintry world: but lo!
The grey spirit gone before,
Amongst his footprints at the door
Has thrown something on the snow,
A token left to speed,—or warn:
Look what it is—a crown!

CHRIST.

Of thorn,
Like the one that I have worn.
But come with Me and do not grieve;
Men's hearts are open to receive
The Hope you bring to help their woe,
For I bring Love.

THE NEW YEAR.

Ah! let us go.

THOMAS WOOLNER.



GIVEN OVER.

THE men of learning say she must
Soon pass and be as if she had not been.
To gratify the barren lust
Of Death, the rosen in her cheeks are seen
To blush so brightly, blooming deeper damascene.

All hope and doubt, all fears are vain,
The dreams I nursed of honouring her are past,
And will not comfort me again.
I see a lurid sunlight throw its last
Wild gleam athwart the land whose shadows lengthen
fast.

It does not seem so dreadful now,
The horror stands out naked, stark, and still:
I am quite calm, and wonder how
My terror played such mad pranks with my will:
The North winds fiercely blow, I do not feel them
chill.

All things must die: somewhere I read
What wise and solemn men pronounce of joy;
No sooner born they say than dead:
The strife of being but a whirling toy
Humming a weary moan spun by capricious boy.

Has my soul reached a starry height
Majestically calm? No monster, drear
And shapeless, glares me faint at night;
I am not in the sunshine checked for fear
That monstrous shapeless thing is somewhere crouch-
ing near?

No; woe is me! far otherwise:
The naked horror numbs me to the bone;
In stupor calm its cold blank eyes
Set hard at mine; I do not fall or groan,
Our island Gorgon's face has changed me into stone.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

"GONE the sickness, fled the pain,
Health comes bounding back again,
And all my pulses tingle for delight ;
Together what a pleasant thing
To ramble while the blackbirds sing,
And pasture lands are sparkling dewy bright.

"Soon will come the clear spring weather,
Hand in hand we'll roam together,
And hand in hand will talk of springs to come ;
As on that happy day you played
The necromancer with my shade,
And senseless shadow gazing darkly dumb.

"Cast away that cloudy care,
Or I vow in my parterre
You shall not enter when the lilies blow,
And I go there to stand and sing
Songs to the heaven-white wondrous ring ;
Sir Would-be Wizard of the crumpled brow !"

WILD ROSE.

To call my Lady where she stood
"A wild rose blossom of the wood,"
Makes but a poor similitude.

For who by such a sleight would reach
An aim, consumes the worth in speech,
And sets a crimson rose to bleach.

My love, whose store of household sense
Gives duty golden recompense,
And arms her goodness with defence :

The sweet reliance of whose gaze
Originates in gracious ways,
And wins that trust the trust repays :

Whose stately figure's varying grace
Is never seen unless her face
Turn beaming toward another place.

For such a halo round it glows,
Surprised attention only knows
A lively wonder in repose.

Can flowers that breathe one little day
In odorous sweetness life away,
And wavering to the earth decay,

Have any claim to rank with her,
Warmed in whose soul impulses stir,
Then bloom to goodness ; and aver

Her worth through spherul joys shall move
When suns and systems cease above,
And nothing lives but perfect love ?

NOTES.

the volume these sonnets are accompanied by illustrations drawn by Mr. Bayliss. Mr. Bayliss has written several songs, which have been set to music by various composers.

BLAKE, WILLIAM.—One of the most remarkable of the men who participated in the romantic revival in painting and poetry in this country. His career was one long-sustained revolt against the current ideas concerning life, painting, and poetry. His methods in painting and design were altogether new, and the manner in which his poems were published—if published they can be said to have been at all—was strange as well as new. No other painter-poet has so closely united the two arts as did Blake, and his methods have been allowed to remain his exclusive property. It hardly remains to be said at this time that his poetry is fine poetry, and his designs wonderful. So much is admitted, though in some instances reluctantly. However, looking back through the years that have passed since his death, no more remarkable a figure in poetry or painting can be discerned. The fragment from *The Visions of the Daughters of Alton* is given as being less known and less accessible than the lyrics. Born 1757; died 1823.

BROWN, FORD MADOX.—Mr. Ford Madox Brown is little known as a poet, but he has written a number of sonnets, which have appeared in various places, and which indicate a considerable poetic power. The sonnet "The Love of Beauty" appeared in No. 1 of *The Germ*; those for the pictures "The Last of England" and "Work," in the catalogue of the exhibition of his pictures in 1855. "O.M.B." is a memorial poem to his son, Oliver Madox Brown. "Angels Damnifera" is now printed for the first time by kind permission of its author, courteously given. His work as a painter has had a most potent influence on contemporary English art. He is said to have been "the grandfather of the Pre-Raphaelite movement."

BROWN, OLIVER MADOX —In a biographical sketch of this artist, by Mr. J. H. Ingram, will be found some reproductions of pictures by him, indicating a power which if developed would have become one of greatness. In *The Dwale Bluth; Hebditch's Legacy, and other Literary Remains*, in two volumes, edited by W. M. Rossetti and F. Hueffer, may be seen the results of his literary labours, which are perhaps more remarkable even than his paintings. The selections are from these volumes. Oliver Madox Brown was born at Finchley in 1855, and died of blood poisoning in 1874.

COLLINGWOOD, W. GLRSHOM, M.A.—The author of *The Limestone Alps of Savoy* (the first supplementary volume to Mr. Ruskin's *Deucalion*) is Mr. Collingwood, who was at one time Mr. Ruskin's secretary. He is now an artist exhibiting at the Academy, and painting for the most part near Windermere, where he lives. He is an ardent upholder of Mr. Ruskin's principles, and lectures for the University Extension Movement and the Ruskin Reading Guild on art subjects. He is the author of a work on *The Philosophy of Ornament*; and from his *Book of Verses* the selections in this volume have been taken.

COLLINSON, JAMES —One of the seven members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood on its formation was James Collinson, a man of peculiar and shifting tendency. He was an artist who possessed a literary faculty. He gave up both, however, and joined the Catholic Church, with the idea of becoming a priest. This was given up, however, like many previous projects. His poem, "The Child Jesus," exhibits his religious tendencies, and is taken from *The Germ*, and I have thought well to include the whole of it; and this is, I believe, the first time it has been reprinted.

CRANE, WALTER, R.I.—Mr. Crane is a well-known painter, designer, artist in black and white, and illustrator of

books. His children's story-books, published by Messrs. Routledge, are the best of the kind ever produced, and their publication marked an epoch in the history of such literature. His oil and water-colour paintings have been exhibited in London and the provinces, and his contributions of verse and design to the *English Illustrated Magazine* have popularised his name, both as artist and poet, among a large number of people. His verse has not yet been collected, but, scattered throughout various periodicals, it forms a good body of pleasant work. Mr. Crane was born at Liverpool in 1845. His father was an artist, and from him he received his first art training. He exhibited first at the Royal Academy in 1872, his picture being "The Lady of Shalott." He is an authority on decorative matters, and is President of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society.

CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN.—This versatile man, who was stonemason, sculptor, critic, editor, biographer, and poet, is chiefly remembered at the present day as a sculptor, and by his *Life of the Great English Painters*. His volume of *Poems and Songs*, published by Mr. Murray in 1847, however, contains some very pleasant and natural verses. The selections are taken from this volume, and serve to show Cunningham's intense love for and sympathy with Nature. Born 1755; died 1842.

DEVERELL, WALTER.—Among the small body of men who were strongly influenced by the origination of the Pre-Raphaelite movement was Walter Deverell, whose paintings possessed a close affinity with nature, and a beautiful grace which made his early death a very distinct loss to English art. From the promise of those of his pictures which are now extant, a rich harvest of work on the lines of Pre-Raphaelitism might have been reaped. To No. 2 of *The Germ*, Deverell contributed "The Sight Beyond," and to No. 4, "A Modern Idyll."

EAST, ALFRED, R.I.—An exhibitor at the Royal Academy, Royal Institute, Royal British Artists', Grosvenor, and New Galleries, the Institute of Painters in Oil, and the chief Provincial Exhibitions, Mr. Alfred East is widely known as a landscape painter of much power and poetry. He recently made a tour in Japan, and returned with many subjects for pictorial work. While in Japan the poem included was written, and by its author's kind permission we are able to print it. It is Mr. East's first published poem.

EVANS, SEBASTIAN.—Dr. Evans has published a number of books, and is better known as an author than as a painter. He has, however, exhibited pictures at Birmingham and elsewhere, and is an exquisite draughtsman in black and white. The selections are from his volume of poems called *Brother Fabian's Manuscripts*. His second volume of poems, published in 1875, is called *In the Studio*.

FAED, THOMAS, R.A.—Mr. Faed was born at Burnley Mill, Kirkcudbright, in 1826. He became an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy in 1849. He settled in London in 1852, and was elected an R.A. in 1864. "Scott and his friends at Abbotsford" first attracted public attention, and his "Mitherless Bairn" was "the picture of the year" at the Academy in 1855. Mr. Faed's poetical work is to be found in various periodicals.

GREIG, JAMES.—Mr. Greig is a native of Arbroath, N.B., where his life up to May 1890 has been spent. He has exhibited a number of pictures at Dundee and other places in Scotland. The selections are taken from a volume of his *Poems and Songs* published in 1887. Mr. Greig is now residing in London, having been appointed librarian of the new library in Mortimer Street, Marylebone.

HAMERTON, PHILIP GILBERT.—Mr. Hamerton is widely known as the founder and editor, with Mr. Secley, of *The Portfolio*,

full of caro. The poem included in this anthology was written at Pisa in 1869. The story goes that the earth of the Campo Santo was brought from the Hill of Calvary, as the greatest treasure that could be given to that sacred enclosuro. Mr. Hunt now lives in London.

IMAGE, SELWYN.—Mr. Image is an artist and poet who has contributed to *The Century Guild Hobby-Horse* since its first number appeared in April 1884. "In Nomine Domini" and "Vanity of Vanities" are from this publication. "A Prayer" and "Good Friday" are from other sources.

INCHBOLD, JOHN WILLIAM.—J. W. Inchbold was born at Leeds. His father, Thomas Inchbold, was one of the first to introduce lithography for artistic purposes. This may have led to his son's choice of a profession as an artist. Inchbold's work in painting was chiefly confined to landscape, and his fame rests on his work in this department. His volume of poems, *Annus Amoris*, however, contains some very good things. The sonnets selected are from this work. Inchbold died in 1888.

JOPLING, LOUISE (Mrs. J. M.), is the well-known lady artist who contributes annually to the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor, and the exhibitions at Glasgow, Liverpool, and Birmingham. Mrs. Jopling has also written articles in various journals. The poem "Lux e Tenebris" appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and the "Lines" in a volume of collected stories, essays, and poems called *For their Sakes*, published in 1884.

LINTON, W. J.—Mr. Linton's most famous work is his *History of Wood Engraving*, of which art he is a master. For many years he practised in England, and then went to America, where he founded the celebrated School of Engraving. His work in literature has been varied and voluminous. In 1865 he published *Claribel, and other*

that he would have produced great work. He was the author of a monograph on Rossetti in "The Round Table Series." From a memorial volume the selections herein are taken. Born, 1856; drowned, 1885.

ORCHARD, JOHN —A young man of very delicate temperament who studied for the profession of painter, but found afterwards that his physique was not able to bear the strain of the work. He exhibited several small pictures, but was not accorded much notice. The poem included was published after his death in the fourth number of *The Germ*, together with "A Dialogue on Art," extending to some twenty pages.

PATON, SIR JOSEPH NOEL, R.S.A., LL.D.—Early in his career as a painter Sir Noel Paton was a successful competitor in the Westminster Hall competitions. He was appointed Queen's Limner for Scotland in 1865, knighted in 1867, and in 1876 received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Edinburgh University. For many years his pictures were devoted to fairy subjects and Scottish life; latterly, however, his attention has been drawn to religious subjects. His first volume of poetry was called *Poems by a Painter*; the next, from which the selections are derived, *Spindrift*.

REAY, WILLIAM —Mr. Reay is a native of Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he studied painting under Mr. W. Bell Scott and Mr. H. H. Eumerson. He has been living for the last few years in Newcastle, Northumberland, New South Wales, to which place he has emigrated, and where he is much esteemed. Mr. Reay's poems have been collected in a volume called *Poems and Lyrics*, and from this volume the examples of his versification are taken.

ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL.—Born, 1828; died, 1882. Rossetti is the most notable of all our poet-painters, inasmuch as he

was so great a master in both the arts. A point in connection with Rossetti's work may be noted, for a general misunderstanding exists concerning it. It is thought that Rossetti made poetry subservient to painting. This is erroneous. Rossetti's poems, when they are concerned with his pictures at all, are not mere adjuncts of the pictures; they may, and indeed do, help us to see deeper into his thoughts and creations; but neither is a mere auxiliary of the other, or an exponent of the other's meaning.

Sonnets on Rossetti's own pictures and drawings.

The drawing on which the sonnet "The Passover in the Holy Family" is written, represents "The scene in the house-porch where Christ holds a bowl of blood, from which Zacharias is sprinkling the post and lintel. Joseph has brought the lamb and Elizabeth lights the pyre. The shoes which John fastens, and the bitter herbs which Mary is gathering, form part of the ritual." In the drawing for which the sonnet "Mary Magdalene" is written, "Mary has left a procession of revellers, and is ascending, by a sudden impulse, the steps of the house where she sees Christ. Her lover has followed her, and is trying to turn her back."

In Michael Angelo's picture of "The Holy Family," the Virgin Mother is seen withholding from the Child Saviour the prophetic writings in which His sufferings are foretold. Angelic figures beside them examine a scroll.

In Sandro Botticelli's picture of "Spring," the same lady, here surrounded by the masque of Spring, is evidently the subject of a portrait by Botticelli formerly in the Ponrial's Collection in Paris. This portrait is inscribed "Smeralda Bandinelli."

RUSKIN, JOHN, D.C.L., LL.D.—Mr. Ruskin's genius for painting has, as far as the popular mind is concerned, been obscured by his other attributes; while his poetry has been over-

Inoked by all, except a few of the more devoted of his students. His poems were privately printed in this country and pirated in America, and a few of the American copies have reached our shores. An edition of the poems, edited by Mr. W. Gershom Collingwood, will be published at no distant date however. These selections will, in the meantime, be appreciated by all who care for Mr. Ruskin's writings.

SCOTT, DAVID.—A most remarkable man and painter was David Scott, who was born in 1806 and died in 1849. His genius was very much akin to that of Blake, and his work in painting resembles, in some respects, the work of that artist, though David Scott painted on a larger scale than Blake ever attempted. His two great works are *Ariel and Caliban*, produced in 1838, and *Vasco da Gama*, which occupied the following ten years. His works were chiefly historical. The two poems are taken from the *Memoir of David Scott*, by his brother, Mr. William Bell Scott.

SCOTT, WILLIAM BELL, H.R.S.A., LL.D.—*Poems by a Painter* was the title both of Sir Noel Paton's and Mr. Bell Scott's first volumes of verse. In their second publications, however, the titles differed. While Sir Noel called his book *Spindrift*, Mr. Bell Scott contented himself with *Poems*. This volume of more than 250 pages contained a large number of fine poems, and was embellished by etchings from their accomplished author's hand. Mr. Bell Scott's etchings are perhaps better known than his paintings. Both kinds of work, however, evidence the mind of a master, and his poems prove that he is exceptionally favoured with the lyric gift in addition. Mr. Bell Scott was intimately connected with the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and his attitude towards it may be seen in the sonnet entitled "To the Artists called 'P.R.B.'". The poem called "An Artist's Birthplace" is a Cumberland sketch. The artist

was Blacklock, the landscape-painter, who died shortly after the poem was written. "The Madonna di San Si-to" is taken from the pages of *The Hobby-Horse*.

SHEE, SIR MARTIN ARCHER, P.R.A.—The celebrated portrait-painter and President of the Royal Academy wrote a number of works, among which were two volumes of verse, *Rhymes on Art* and *The Element of Art*; *Alasco*, a tragedy; and *Old Court*, a novel in three volumes.

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE.—Both Thackeray's sketches and his verses are very well known, although he is scarcely to be called a poet-painter; yet his work denotes the artistic faculty, though in an embryo stage in each case.

TOMSON, ARTHUR.—Mr. Tomson's pictures have been exhibited at the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor, the New Gallery, and the New English Art Club. His poems have appeared in *The Scottish Art Review*, from which periodical the selections have been derived, with the exception of the song called "Spring," which, by the kindness of Mr. Tomson, is now first printed.

TURNER, JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM, R.A.—Turner was born in 1775, in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, which address is given in several Academy catalogues in which his name occurs as an exhibitor. He was admitted into the Academy Schools; in 1799 he became an Associate; in 1829 an R.A. He died in 1851. "The Pallacies of Hope," from which the quotations given in this anthology are taken, and said by Turner to be in existence in MS., are somewhat of a mystery. It is generally supposed that the fragments were part of a great poem that Turner was writing, but which he never succeeded in finishing or publishing.

VANBRUGH, SIR JOHN.—Vanbrugh enjoys the distinction of being a great architect and a great dramatic poet. In 1702 he designed Castle Howard, and in 1715 Blenheim. Previous to these great works of the architect's art, he had produced his plays of *The Relapse*, *The Provok'd Wife*, and *Confederacy* in the years 1697, 1698, and 1699 respectively. He was born in 1666, and died in March 1726.

WHALL, C. W.—Mr. Whall is a contributor to *The Century Guild Hobby-Horse*, and the poem included is one written to accompany a drawing in that journal.

WOOLNER, THOMAS, R.A.—Foremost among the sculptors of the century stands Mr. Woolner, who was one of the original members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. His verse consists of two volumes, *My Beautiful Lady* and *Pygmalion*. The selections are from the former book.

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